

4-1-77

Robert Mikes

RD #4

Killingbury, Pa

PAISLEY

The Man and His Message

DEDICATION

*To the Kirk Session, Committee and Congregation
of the Martyrs Memorial Free Presbyterian Church
for their Loyalty and Devotion to and Defence of
the Crown Rights of King Jesus and the Crown
Jewels of His Glorious Gospel.*

© Copyright 1976
IAN R. K. PAISLEY

Printed by Puritan Printing Co. Ltd., 71 Ravenhill Road, Belfast, BT6 8DQ
Published by Martyrs Memorial Publications, 356 Ravenhill Road, BT6 8GL

SERMON INDEX

THE PREACHER'S WATCHWORD — Page 2

"For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" (1 Cor. 9:16).

CLOSED IN OR CLOSED OUT? — Page 18

"And the Lord shut him in". (Genesis 7:16).

GLORYING IN THE CROSS — Page 32

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. 6:14).

TOWERS OF FALSEHOOD — Page 44

"Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place." (Isaiah 28:17).

THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING — Page 58

"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living." (Job 30:23).

THREE MEN GOING TO HELL . . . — Page 70

"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" (Matt. 23:15).

ALMOST BUT NOT ALTOGETHER — Page 84

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Acts 26:28).

FELIX'S FORTUNE, FEAR and FOLLY — Page 106

"Felix trembled." (Acts 24:25).

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN THE BAPTIST—Page 122

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29).

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST — Page 134

"What think ye of Christ?" (Matt. 22:42).

THE CREED OF THE DYING THIEF — Page 152

"Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23:43).

AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT — Page 170

"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. 9:27).

FOUR BLACK ROMAN NONES — Page 190

"There is none righteous . . . there is none that understandeth . . . there is none that seeketh after God . . . there is none that doeth good." (Romans 3:10-12).

THE PIGS THAT GOT THE PERMANENT WAVE — Page 210

"I will arise and go." (Luke 15:18).

THE DEVIL IN A PIGSKIN SWIMSUIT — Page 230

"They (the devils) besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them." (Luke 8:32).

HELL — Page 250

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." (Luke 16:23).

GOD'S HEAVEN — Page 270

"And I saw a new heaven." (Rev. 21:1).

NOT SAVED — Page 290

"The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and we are not saved." (Jeremiah 8:20).

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN — Page 308

"He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." (Mark 3:29).

A BROKEN FAMILY CIRCLE — Page 326

"And I heard the number of them which were sealed" (Rev. 7:4).

THE INESCAPABLE QUESTION OF DESTINY — Page 344

"What shall I do then, with Jesus which is called Christ." (Matt. 27:22).

THE FIVE TOLLS IN THE SOUL'S DEATH KNELL — Page 362

"He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Proverbs 29:1).

A WORD FROM THE PREACHER

The imperishable Word of the living God states, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." That same impregnable Word further declares "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

My firm conviction of the eternal truthfulness of these inspired pronouncements prompts me to send forth these sermons. Like every preacher I confess, "I am a debtor." A debtor to the preachers of the past, the prophets, the apostles, the Luthers, the Calvins, the Knoxes, the Bunyans, the Whitefields, the Wesleys, the Spurgeons, the Torreys, and a great host of others. These have all primed my pulpit pump.

The sermons are printed as they were preached and this accounts for their unembellished style and directness of speech.

The purpose of each message is to win souls to Christ and the Gospel of Free Grace is set forth therein.

No doubt many will condemn the sermons, their publication and the preacher who delivered them, for with the great C. H. Spurgeon we can say "Routine Ministers, Domineering Deacons, Hypocritical Professors, Crab-tree Critics and Covetous Members are not all dead yet." As almost every accusation possible has already been hurled at the preacher any further attacks will only be worn-out venom.

One fact remains, however, and with it I defy the opinions of men — the Sovereign Lord in His Great mercy has used these messages to the salvation of multitudes of sinners.

Lovers of the grand old gospel, I request you to circulate these messages and ever remember in your prayers.

Your servant for Christ's sake,

IAN R. K. PAISLEY,
Eph. 6:19.



Dr. PAISLEY at Bob Jones University



Ian Richard Kyle Paisley was born in 3 Station Terrace, Armagh City, Co. Armagh, on 6th April, 1926



Eileen aged 6



Ian aged 6



Paternal Grandmother, Mrs. Jane Paisley (née Kyle)



Paternal Grandfather, Mr. Richard Paisley



Maternal Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Turnbull



Parents Rev. Jas. Kyle Paisley and Mrs. Isabella Paisley (née Turnbull) shortly after their marriage



Family Group including Brother, Harold Spurgeon Paisley



Sixmilecross Evangelistic Hall, now the home of the local Free Presbyterian Church where his first sermon was preached in 1942



Old Ravenhill Church, the place where he was ordained and commenced his Ministry



Aged 20



Mr. Wm. Hill, the elder responsible for introducing him to Ravenhill, pictured with Alderman Albert Duff, J.P. and Rev. John Wylie after the quashing of the summons for open air preaching at Donaghadee Court



Lissara Picket



The beginning of the Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster with the picketing of Lissara Presbyterian Church, after Down Presbytery overruled the unanimous decision of the Kirk Session to grant the Church Hall for the preaching of the gospel. Two elders, Mr. Hugh James Adams and Mr. George K. Gibson were suspended for refusing to bow to the anti-gospel dictatorship of the Presbytery.



Session and Committee Members of Crossgar Free Presbyterian Church after the inauguration of the Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster, on 17th March, 1951



His first Session at Ravenhill pictured at the opening of Cabra Church. Alfred Carson, W. J. Harbinson, John Atkinson, Wm. J. Hill. The other member, Mr. Thomas H. Watson, Clerk of Session, had died



Congregation at 4th Annual Easter Convention outside Old Ravenhill Church



Principal J. E. Davey was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church. To call attention to his blasphemous statements about Christ and the Bible, Dr. Davey's books were publicly burned at High Street, Belfast.



Outside the Ballymena Court after being fined for calling Dr. Soper a liar when he publicly pronounced that Christ was not virgin born



En route with Rev. John Wylie for Protest at Vatican Council II



Wedding Day, 13th October, 1956

On 13th October, 1956, in Ravenhill Free Presbyterian Church, Ian Richard Kyle Paisley was joined in Marriage with Eileen Emily Cassells, daughter of Mr. Thomas James Cassells and Mrs. Emily Jane Cassells (née Stitt).

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Aitchinson and the groom's father, officiated. The honeymoon was spent in Edinburgh.

Wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas James Cassells



Sharon, Rhonda and Cherith taken during his first imprisonment, 20th July to 19th October, 1966



Family early 1968



Family group outside Crumlin Road Prison, during second imprisonment, Spring 1969. The Prime Minister eventually quashed the unjust sentence



"THE KYLE PAISLEYS"

Back Row: Ian Richard Kyle, Senior, Sharon Kyle, 26/8/57, Rhonda Elaine Kyle, 1/7/59

Front Row: Ian Richard Kyle, Junior, 12/12/66, James Cassells Kyle, Mrs. Ian Richard Kyle and Cherith Jane Kyle, 11/11/65



Dr. Bob Jones then President now Chancellor of Bob Jones University, Greenville, U.S.A., opens the New Church on Saturday, 4th October, 1969



The Congregation at the Opening Service. A further 4,000 were accommodated in two tents in the Church grounds



The Interior of the New Church



The Exterior of the New Church

GROUP TAKEN AT THE 7,000 SEATER FOUNDER'S MEMORIAL AMPHITORIUM, BOB JONES UNIVERSITY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1973



From left to right: Lt. Governor Morris of S. Carolina, U.S. Senator Strom Thurmond, President Bob Jones III, Chancellor Bob Jones, Dr. Paisley, U.S. Congressman Mann. Dr. Paisley delivered the opening sermon.

MINISTERS OF THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ULSTER



Moderator: Rev. Dr. Ian R. K. Paisley — *In Front Row:* Revs. John Wylie, Stanley Barnes, George Hutton, Gordon Cooke, Frank McClelland and Kenneth Elliott
Second Row: Revs. Norman Green, Alan Cairns, Bert Cooke, James McClelland, Ian McVeigh, John Long, David McIlveen and John Douglas. *Back Row:* Revs. Cecil Menary, Harry Cairns, Ivan Foster, Fred Buick, James Beggs, Austin Allan, Michael Patrick. *Absentees:* Revs. William Beattie, Fred Greenfield and William McCrea, Rev. Menary and Rev. Wylie were the first Licentiates of the Ulster Presbytery.

STUDENTS AND PROFESSORS OF THE THEOLOGICAL HALL



Professors: Rev. John Douglas — English Bible; Dr. Ian R. K. Paisley — Church History; Rev. Bert Cooke — Homiletics; Rev. Alan Cairns — Theology. *Ministerial and Missionary Students (from left):* John Greer, Trevor Baxter, David Gordon, Alan Dunlap, Leslie Curran, Reggie Cranston, Roy Stewart, John Todd, Tim Donaghy, Barry Galbraith, David Creane, Hillis Fleming, Gordon Ferguson, Jim Hartin, Billy Whiteside, David Linton

SERMON: THE PREACHER'S WATCHWORD

THE PREACHER'S WATCHWORD

"For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!" (I Cor. 9:16)

The Saul of the Old Testament was head and shoulders above his fellows physically, but the Saul of the New Testament was head and shoulders above his fellows spiritually. Saul who was also called Paul had one all-consuming characteristic — earnestness.

EVEN IN HIS UNREGENERATE DAYS HE WAS IN EARNEST.

He was earnest in his religion. How earnestly he boasted of his pedigree and self-righteousness. "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." (Phil. 3:5, 6). He was earnest in his hatred of the Christian Church and in his persecution of the early believers. He is first mentioned as the one who superintended the stoning of Stephen. As the stones mangled the body of the first Christian martyr, Paul, with perverted earnestness guarded the coats of the murderers. Aye, see him yonder on the Damascus highway astride his galloping steed whose flanks are crim-

soned with blood from brutal spurring. Hear his curses and blasphemies as with diabolical zeal he breathes out "threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." So earnest is he that he persecuted the saints even unto strange cities.

BUT WHAT OF PAUL AS A REGENERATE MAN?

If in his unregenerate days he was in earnest, how much more so when he was saved by sovereign grace. See him toppling from his steed. See him covered in the dust. See him blinded by the light above the brightness of the sun. See him gloriously and wondrously and eternally saved. Listen to his first earnest words as a humble disciple of the Jesus whom he persecuted. "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" See him in Damascus in real earnest prayer, refusing for three days either to eat or drink. See him, with sight restored, preaching Christ with such burning earnestness that the whole city of Damascus is disturbed.

Yes, and from that day on the Damascus highway, when he was first prostrated before His Saviour, until the day, when, via the Roman death cell and Caesar's execution axe he was translated to His Saviour, Paul's earnestness never diminished, but rather increased. It burned incessantly, an unquenchable flame fed with heavenly oil and trimmed by holy ardour.

He was Greatheart indeed, and whatever he did, he did with all his great heart. You can rest assured that when he took the pen and wrote my text he could have prefaced it with the words: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." Paul wasn't writing for the sake of elo-

quence or for the sake of making an impression on the Corinthian church. These words were burning for years in his heaving breast. All the time there was a ringing woe within his heart. Yes, as he sailed across the seas, as he walked the dusty highways, as he preached in the great forums of the Greek cities and in the cities of Asia, all the time this woe was burning and throbbing and pulsating in his breast. "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Paul was in real earnest when he wrote these words, and it is with real earnestness that I would come to you to preach this message. May God give thunder to my voice; may God give power to my utterance; may God give help to this piece of clay so that all sinners, unregenerate, unconverted and unwashed in the Saviour's blood, may be faced with the issues of the gospel as they have never been faced with them before. Oh, that upon our meeting may come the sound of the blessed and holy power of God the Holy Ghost so that this very night the miracle of conversion may take place in your heart and life. Oh, that you might be saved, saved triumphantly, gloriously and eternally, by the precious blood of Jesus. May God Almighty hear this heart cry as I utter it in the presence of this congregation and in the presence of His holy and dreadful person. Amen and Amen.

There are three things in my text, they stand out from its very centre. One, "the gospel" — that's *the word of the apostle's lips*; two, "necessity is laid upon me"—that's *the work of the apostle's life*; three, "yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel" — that's *the woe of the apostle's lamentation*.

I. THE WORD OF THE APOSTLE'S LIPS

— "the gospel."

What was the word that was ever upon the apostle's lips? It was the word of the gospel. Paul was a gospel preacher. He had one message and one message only. He believed no other. His message was the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let us examine the gospel which Paul preached, because in this hazy, crazy age, men have strange conceptions of what preaching the gospel is. What is it to preach the gospel? To preach the gospel is to make a declaration of the whole counsel of God. He was minister in Ephesus, this preacher Paul. For three years he was the minister or pastor of the church there and when he finished his ministry he called the elders together and said, "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." (Acts 20:26, 27). To preach the gospel then is to make a declaration of all the counsel of God. You have it summed up, of course, in I Cor. 15:1-4, "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; And that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the scriptures." You will notice here in this short declaration of all the counsel of God, four things.

ONE — THE DIVINITY OF THE GOSPEL'S ORIGIN

Did Paul think it up? Did he conjure it up in his own mind? Did he find it in the philosophies and ideologies of his day? Did he find it in the text-books of the schools? Did he capture it as a leading notion of the intellectuals of his day? Never, friend. Notice the divinity of the gospel's origin, "I delivered unto you that which also I received." He got it from heaven. I want to tell you, the gospel doesn't square up to the tenets of carnal men. The natural mind doesn't like the gospel. The carnal mind is enmity against God, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. When I preach the Gospel, then, I am preaching something that is divine; it is not of earth but of heaven; not of man but of God. It can't be preached in the power of man. Thank God it can be preached in the power of God. God help me to preach it in the power of God.

TWO — THE AUTHORITY OF THE GOSPEL'S MESSAGE

Notice how Paul reiterates the expression "according to the scripture." The gospel is both biblically based and biblically bounded. To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them. Paul's gospel had a "Thus saith the Lord" authority, for it rested upon the infallible imperishable word of Jehovah. Yes, and any message which is not founded on and grounded upon the Word of God is not the gospel at all. My message rests not upon the authority of the schools, or the authority of the theologians, or the authority of the Church — my message

rests on the authority of God. God Almighty has called me, commissioned me, and commanded me. With Whitefield I can cry out and say "O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the Lord."

THREE — THE REALITY OF THE GOSPEL'S

ATONEMENT

"Christ died," that's history. "He died for our sins according to the scriptures," that's doctrine. His atonement, blessed be His Name, is real. Christ hung on yonder cross not as a martyr, not in termination of the life of the Great Example. No sir, He died on that cross for our sins, my sins. Our sins are related by the redemptive purpose to the shame, suffering, agony, passion, and blood shedding of the God-man on the tree. He died for our sins. His atonement really atones. It is real, praise God, I know. I know, it's real.

Men don't like the doctrine of blood today. They don't like the doctrine of the substitutionary, vicarious, atoning death of Jesus Christ. I want to tell you that this is the heart of the gospel. Take away the heart of the gospel and it pulsates no more. Tear this heart from the message and there is no life for sinners; no cleansing for sin; no hope for the ungodly. But praise God, we believe in the reality of the gospel's atonement, He died for sin. Your only hope is to get to Calvary, friend, not to a font, but to a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins, and sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

FOUR — THE VITALITY OF THE GOSPEL'S RESURRECTION

Jesus is not on the cross. Jesus is not in the crib. Jesus is not in Joseph's tomb. Jesus is on Jehovah's throne. Hallelujah! He's a living Saviour. Because Christ lives, you sinner, can live also. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. 7:25). Do you hear it, sinner? Jesus can save you. Jesus can save you, young woman. Jesus can save you, young man. Jesus can save you, older person, father and mother, brother or sister, husband or wife. This church can't save you. Your new year resolutions cannot save you. You have broken them before and you'll break them again. In a few short hours you'll be disappointed, disillusioned and despondent. Hear, O hear, sinner, for your soul's sake. The risen, exalted, all powerful, all glorious, all compassionate Christ can save you. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12). Let it be heard in this house that Jesus saves. Let it ring out across the globe. Jesus saves, JESUS SAVES!

I could go on and further expound these great pivot truths, these great fundamentals of the gospel. Yes, I am a fundamentalist. I believe in the fundamentals of the faith once for all delivered, the great foundation truths which bring light to all who believe. I have no time for the figment of evolution. I believe that God created this world by the word of His power so that things which

are seen were not made of things which do appear. I have no time for the will-o'-the-wisp theologians who pare down Calvary and who whittle away the doctrine of eternal punishment. These are they who preach another gospel which is not another and are anathema, cursed to perdition. I believe in hell, the hell that the Lord Jesus warned of. I believe that I am preaching to men and women who are either built up by grace for the glory, the splendour, the joy and the felicity of heaven, or are built up by sin for the condemnation, the darkness, the terror and the torments of the damned. Friend, there is a hell to shun. May God enable you to shun it. As for some of you if you died tonight you would be in everlasting woe. With the preacher's words ringing in your ears, with the prayers of faithful men who have cried to God to have mercy on you, yes, with the prayers of those who are linked to you by the ties of love and blood surrounding you, you would sink down into the abyss of hell's unutterable agony. You haven't Christ. O that God would save you!

My God, save these people from hell! From the darkness of the doomed and damned, from the torments of everlasting woe; my God save these people tonight! That's the prayer, the earnest prayer of my heart. I'm preaching for eternity. Let me tell you sinner, if you don't receive Christ you'll be lost! lost!! LOST!!! Lost in the blackness of darkness for ever. May God write that word "lost" with the indelible ink of the Spirit's conviction on your heart. O sinner, awaken from the dread slumber of your sin and hasten to Calvary. I bid you, in Christ's name, "Flee from the wrath to come."

II. THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE'S LIFE

"necessity is laid upon me."

If I am called to preach the gospel, and thank God I am, nothing will stop me. You could as soon stop the Niagara torrent with a thimble as stop a Holy Ghost preacher when God has commissioned him. You could as soon stop the stars in the heavens as stop a man who has God's love in his heart and God's Spirit with special anointing on his soul. You cannot stop the man who is called, commissioned and commanded of God to preach the gospel. Close him out of the house he has ministered in, he'll preach it on the doorstep. Refuse him buildings, he'll preach it on the highways. Ridicule him, sneer at him, slander him, seek to bury him, he'll rise again with the gospel upon his lips. They've tried it, you know. What of our Puritan forefathers? What of the heroes of the Covenanting struggle? What of Whitefield and Wesley? Aye, what of the martyred bishops?

Think for a moment of that rugged warrior Bishop Hugh Latimer. The **impregnable courage of this faithful servant of God was seen in his conduct towards the immoral Henry VIII.** On a new year's day he brought his gift to his sovereign — **a Bible with the leaf turned down at the passage "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."** On another occasion Latimer was called to preach before the incestuous monarch. With tremendous unction and the plainest of language Latimer condemned the licentious monarch and his immoral courtiers. In a towering rage Henry commanded Latimer the following Lord's Day to enter the same pulpit and withdraw his faithful denunciation. Latimer entered the pulpit and

announced the same text, then he paused and said: "Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the King's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease! And then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence comest thou; upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God! Who is all present! and Who beholdeth all thy ways! and Who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore take care that thou deliverest thy message faithfully." He then preached his former discourse with even greater zeal and strength. The court listened in amazement at the boldness of the Bishop and all thought that the King would have him beheaded. Henry, however, subdued by the Bishop's earnestness, exclaimed, "Blessed be God, I have so honest a servant."

Faithful Latimer was willing to sacrifice his head rather than his conscience. Such is the character of one who has necessity laid upon him. Yes, and if I were banned from this pulpit I would still preach the gospel. No, sir, I'm not the servant of this church either. I'm not making preaching a living. I'm not preaching to live, I'm living to preach. When I cease to preach the gospel you'll know I'm dead and my body is in the coffin. Then, Hallelujah, I'll be in heaven singing the same old gospel. I could never sing it here but, bless God, I'll sing it yonder. The work of the apostle's life and of my life also is this, "Necessity is laid upon me." I am under a tremendous burden. I am carrying an awful responsibility.

I am compelled, constrained by sovereign grace and precious blood to preach the gospel.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.
Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak Christ's Name,
Preach Him in life and cry in death,
Behold! Behold the Lamb!

III. THE WOE OF THE APOSTLE'S LAMENTATION

"Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Bishop J. C. Ryle made these words the lifelong watchword of his ministry. When a new pulpit was placed in his church at Stradbroke he arranged for this text to be carved on its top so as to be ever before the preacher's eye. He stood by while the text was carved and when it was finished, he took one of the tools and with his own hand cut a groove beneath the emphatic word "not." Well might every gospel preacher follow the godly Bishop's example. Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. Cursed are these lips if they proclaim not the words of everlasting life to dead sinners. Cursed is this mind if it is not filled with solemn thoughts for ruined lost humanity. Cursed is this heart if it feels not the burning of divine necessity. Yea, cursed is the preacher who preaches not the gospel.

I have gone down into the streets of this city. I have watched the teeming multitudes as they have thronged this city's thoroughfares. As I have seen them without

a thought of God, as I have heard their blasphemies and obscenities, this woe has shaken my soul. In the light of the perishing multitudes, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I have stood in the public houses. I watched men drink their way to everlasting ruin as I talked to them about salvation. I have heard the clink of the wine glasses and as the liquid damnation ran down their throats and led them on to the darkness of a drunkard's death and damnation, this woe has risen up within my heart, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I have stood in the red light districts of this city. I have talked to women who have lost their purity and virtue. As I looked upon these wrecks, somebody's daughters, ruined, scarred and blighted with immorality, this cry has pierced my inmost being, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I have walked the hospital wards. I have stood at the deathbeds of men and women. I've seen the death dew on their brows, and heard the death rattle in their throats. I have seen them die. As I view the ravages of death, what else as a faithful preacher could I utter but "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I have been to churches where the gospel is not preached; the places where men have been busy erecting the altars of idolatry and displacing redemption with ritual. As I view with sorrow the resurgence of the Harlot Church of Rome my lamentation is "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I have been and heard men deny the Christ of God and cut the Book of God to ribbons. I've heard them poke fun at the miracles and sneer at the Saviour's pre-

cious person. Yes, and these words have nerved me as I rebuked them publicly for their blasphemies, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

I've been alone with God when you didn't know.

When perhaps the majority of you were sleeping. I have seen in prayer the dark river of sin pouring its awful contents, ruined souls, into the black abyss of eternal despair. As by prayer I put my ear at hell's door and shuddered at the sighs of the lost and the groans of the damned what else could I wail but, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Friend, if this preacher will be accursed if he doesn't preach the gospel; if God's anathema is upon me if I hold back the whole counsel of God, what will be your punishment, O poor Christ-rejecting sinner? What a woe! What must the eternal portion be for you who heard the gospel with great plainness of speech but turned a deaf ear to its solemn warning and went on stubbornly in hell's dark track. "He that being often re-proved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," warns the infallible Book. God's first words to the first sinner were "Where art thou?" Christ-rejector, where are you? Unconverted sinner, where are you? Unblood-washed soul, where are you? Let me tell you in the holy name of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, with God's Book open in my hand and God's power resting upon my soul, let me tell you if you reject the Lord Jesus Christ you'll burn in hell's flame for ever. Thus saith God's Word, and that's the curse which you are choosing for your destiny.

If I preach the gospel I have nothing to glory of because I'm only a sinner myself, saved by Sovereign Grace. I'm preaching about a hell God has saved me from and about punishment which the Lord Jesus has borne for me. I have nothing to glory of; necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.

Listen, unconverted friend, here is something you can say in your soul. May you say it to the arousing of your slumbering heart.

"WOE IS UNTO ME IF I REJECT THE GOSPEL."

In God's name, consider your latter end and be wise unto salvation.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
CLOSED IN OR CLOSED
OUT?

CLOSED IN OR CLOSED OUT?

"And the Lord shut him in." (Genesis 7:16)

Noah was a man with a difference. He was entirely different from the rest of his age. Spiritually speaking he was unique. Carnally speaking he was an oddity. He was different in *heart* from the rest of the world. "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." (Gen. 6:8). Grace had begun its peculiar but precious work within his heart. While sin, gruesome sin, ruled universally in the world, grace, glorious grace, reigned in Noah's heart. Grace electing, grace calling, grace justifying, and grace preserving is demonstrated in Noah's life. But for grace, sovereign grace, separating grace, sanctifying grace, Noah would have perished in the flood.

He was different in *standing* to the rest of his age. "Noah was a just man." (Gen. 6:9). The rest of the world stood in a state of condemnation before God, Noah was in a state of justification. How was Noah justified? By his works? Never. Listen to God's Word. "By faith Noah." He was justified by faith. Grace had done her perfect work. How do you stand, condemned or justified?

He was different in *character*. "Perfect in his generations" (Gen. 6:9). Grace in the heart will soon be manifest as holiness in the life. Imputed righteousness inwardly is impressive righteousness outwardly.

He was different in his *walk*. "Noah walked with God." (Gen. 6:9). While the whole mass of humanity walked in sin Noah walked with the thrice holy God. Talk of minorities. Noah was in a minority all right. He was completely out of step with the political world, the social world, the business world and the religious world of his day. He was walking the right way, however, for he moved forward to his preservation while the whole world moved forward to its ruin.

He had a different *vision*. "Things not seen as yet." (Heb. 11:7). The antediluvian world had only a material vision. "They bought, they sold, they planted, they builded, they ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage." Their vision was limited to the present, Noah's reached out to the future. Are you living for time or for eternity?

Noah possessed a different *motive*. "Moved with fear." (Heb. 11:7). How aptly does this Holy Book describe the ungodly not only of the pre-flood age but of every generation. "There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known; There is no fear of God before their eyes." (Rom. 3:11-18). What influence has the wholesome fear of judgment and of the God of judgment upon your thinking, your planning

and your living? Remember, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Noah was different in his *conversation*. He was a "preacher of righteousness." (II Pet. 2:5). As the whole world conversed about plenty and pleasure, lust and licentiousness, wealth and wine, and money and murder, Noah conversed about holiness and heaven, justice and judgment, purity and pardon and righteousness and redemption. The motto of the ungodly is "jubilation in the present." The motto of the godly is "preparing for the future." What preparation have you made for the future?

Noah had a different *occupation*. "Prepared an ark to the saving of his house." (Heb. 11:7). What was his occupation? To build a mansion to house his family? No sir, but to build an ark to save his family. While the ungodly worked for the damnation of their sons Noah worked for the salvation of his sons. What is your occupation, father? Are you working for the education and elevation of your family or are you working, praying and labouring for their salvation? Be not deceived, education and elevation without regeneration will only bring you and them damnation. Noah accomplished the greatest possible feat a man, by the grace of God, can accomplish. He got his wife, his sons and their wives, all saved. No other occupation is worthy of the employment of God's people. Happy, thrice happy is the parent who in that great day shall be able to say, "Here am I and the children which thou hast given me." God grant it may be so with me.

Noah was different in his *inheritance*. He was "heir to the righteousness which is by faith." (Heb. 11:7). The

unregenerates strove for a worldly inheritance and longed to be heirs to vast possessions. Noah looked for a new heaven and a new earth and became heir to everlasting possessions. His name was not found on the perishable parchments of men, but on the imperishable records of God. His heirship was to the Creator and not to the creature. His were the title deeds of glory.

Yes, and because Noah was different in his heart, in his standing, in his character, in his vision, in his walk, in his motive, in his conversation, in his occupation and in his inheritance he became different in his *home*. Not only was Noah a man with a difference but his home was a home with a difference. What a division, what a gulf, what a difference between Noah's home and all the other homes in the world. They were characterised by levity, lewdness and blasphemy. Noah's was characterised by sincerity, purity and godliness. Christian, is there a marked difference between your home and that of the ungodly? Is the conversation, the fellowship, the pleasures of your home the same as that of the worldling's and the reprobate's? What does God see in thy house? During the immense darkness which plagued Egypt we read the children of Israel had light in their homes. Amidst the prevailing darkness of this present evil world is there light in your home? Is it indeed and in truth a home with a difference?

Now of Noah and his family, the man and family with a difference, we read "The Lord shut him in." Two things immediately call for our attention and meditation. One: the closing in. Two: the closing out.

I. THE CLOSING IN

One hundred and twenty years of labour have been completed. The great ark is finished. Constructed to divine measurements and plans that ark is destined to float while the whole world sinks and drowns in the tremendous deluge. See her lower, second and third stories already receiving her strange passengers. Two by two they come, male and female, of fowls of every kind, of cattle of every kind, of creeping things of every kind, two of every sort.

Then comes Jehovah's command to Noah, the effectual call of Noah's salvation, "Come, thou and all thy house into the Ark." So Noah takes a last look at the old surroundings, the old homestead, the faces of his old hearers and with his wife and family says "Goodbye" to the old world and enters into the only safe refuge in the day of the storm of God's fierce judgment. Every fowl to be preserved is in; every animal to be delivered is in; every insect to be kept from destruction is in; and every man and every woman to be saved is in. But if the flood came now those inside the ark would perish just the same as those without. The great door, of immense size and weight is still open. It reaches from the top to the bottom of the side of the ark giving entrance to all the decks or stories. Who's to close this massive structure? Who will caulk its seams and make it absolutely waterproof and stormproof? See, after seven days of patient waiting the massive structure begins to move. Slowly but surely it moves into its prepared place. What joy to Noah and his family! What a confusion to those who refused to enter! "The Lord" (note it is printed in small

capitals, the word is Jehovah) "shut him in." The God of the Covenant of Grace; the God Who showed Noah what was going to take place and planned for him a way of escape from the wrath to come, that same Jehovah Who planned his redemption also perfected it for him. Now the hand of omnipotence pulls up the sluice gates of the oceans, and tides which know no ebb come sweeping in. Now is heard the voice of God in thundering judgment commanding the oceans to release their torrents and pour them out unrelentingly and unceasingly upon the ruined earth. "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." Behold cities, houses, lands, forests, fowls, cattle, creeping things, and above all, accursed mankind, swept to swift destruction by this tidal wave of God's righteous retribution. Soon the houses are buried in watery graves. Soon the shrieks of drowning men and women and children are heard no more as the mighty waters overwhelm them. Soon the mountains are reduced to small islands rising here and there in the great watery expanse. Soon they too are swallowed up in the ocean of universal judgment. Soon the world is one great tremendous sea without a shore, an ocean whose waves know no headland to hurl their crests against. Oh! the totality of this judgment. Oh! the immensity of God's wrath. Oh! the loneliness of the aftermath of judgment!

Ah! what is yonder speck away out in this shoreless sea, this boundless ocean! A strange sight this indeed. One great structure has outridden the storm of God's tremendous wrath. Yes, the ark is still afloat. Every

attempt to submerge her in the universal deluge has failed. She sails triumphantly, gloriously and perfectly towards the dawning of a better day. Her structure holds, her stays are impregnable, her ballast perfect, her seaworthy character flawless and her precious cargo wonderfully preserved. All outside her walls have perished. All inside her walls are safe. Outside is complete damnation, inside is complete salvation, outboard all ruination, inboard all preservation. Let us learn three great lessons from God's gracious act of closing Noah in.

FIRSTLY, THE SAVING ACT IS GOD'S

Salvation is of the Lord. God commences, God continues, God must consummate man's salvation. The Lord Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending, the author and the finisher of our salvation. Free grace planned the ark for Noah. Free grace gifted faith to Noah's heart. Free grace made Noah willing to heed the warning and obey the instructions of God. Free grace nerved his arm to the accomplishing of his gigantic task. Free grace made provision for his every need. Free grace transformed his wife and family into willing and able assistants. Free grace constrained the ungodly to help him in his purpose. Free grace strengthened him through good report and evil report to witness a faithful confession as the preacher of righteousness. Free grace saw the ark completed. Free grace compelled the fowls and animals to come in their appointed numbers at the appointed times into their appointed places in the ark. Free grace enabled Noah and his wife, his sons and their wives to respond to

God's call to come into the ark. Free grace shut them in to perfect safety. Free grace kept the ark afloat amidst the worst storm this world has ever yet known. Free grace preserved the ark on the great deep. Free grace piloted that ark to the desired haven. Free grace, free grace alone wrought for Noah a wonderful salvation.

So with you, sinner, only grace, free grace, and grace alone can save you from the baptism of fire to which this world with increasing velocity is fast approaching. No act of yours can save. No effort on your part can merit salvation. No amount of labour can free you from the bondage of your sin. You stand not merely indicted but found guilty of such crimes from which you can never pay your discharge.

Could your zeal no respite know,

Could your tears for ever flow,

All for sin could not atone;

Christ must save and Christ alone.

O sinner, cast yourself now on the free grace of God. You must be passive recognising your guilty, lost, hopeless, ill-deserving, undeserving and hell-deserving state. The saving act is God's and whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

SECONDLY, THE IRREVERSIBLE ACT IS GOD'S.

There was absolutely no possibility of Noah falling out of the ark. The Lord shut him in. Noah or the ark could not sink. Noah was secure, Noah was safe; Noah was saved. Salvation is not a weak arminian thing depending on the puny courage, strength or gripping capacity of depraved man. Salvation is an eternal thing bringing

complete safety and absolute security to the believing soul. The translation from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son can never be reversed. The passage from death unto life can never be re-crossed. The new birth can never be undone. The verdict of justification can never be rescinded. The new nature can never perish. God's child will most certainly reach his Father's house. The devil can never get the better of God. Every sinner justified shall without doubt be glorified. Of course, I'm speaking now of real, genuine, God-wrought salvation in the true believer's heart. Let it be said that such a person will not wallow in sin. Let it be made clear that the true genuine inward work will have a true genuine outworking. Let it be emphasised that such a person will be a praying person, a humble person, a holy person, a righteous person and a loving person. For years, empty professor, you have been a counterfeit Christian. You have made counterfeit prayers; you have manifested counterfeit holiness; you've exercised a counterfeit humility. Sooner or later your hypocrisy will be discovered. The black corruption of your unregenerate heart, unrestrained by sovereign grace, will eventually break forth. Of such as you the scripture speaks, "For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." (II Pet. 2:21, 22). There's no security for the whitewashed, there's eternal security for the washed white.

THIRDLY; THE FINAL ACT IS GOD'S

We have already noticed that it was God's final act in closing the door and sealing it securely which saved Noah and his family. Noah was commanded to "pitch the ark within and without with pitch." (Gen. 6:14). The word pitch is to be noted for it is the same Hebrew word which is used concerning sacrifices and translated "atonement." Now when God closed the door the final sealing of the seams, the final pitching of the door was His handiwork. This is most suggestive. Noah was saved by the final finishing act of God. Salvation for the sinner is by the final finishing atonement of Christ. On Calvary's cross our Lord Jesus Christ offered a once-for-all, full, final and all atoning sacrifice for sin and through that finished work alone you can be saved.

The law demanded blood for blood,

And out He lets His vital flood

To pay the mortal debt;

He toils thro' life and pants through death

And cries, with His expiring breath.

"Tis finished and complete."

Having considered the closing in, let us turn briefly to that solemn thought.

II. THE CLOSING OUT

Some characteristics of those closed out call for earnest consideration.

THEY WERE A PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN FAITHFULLY WARNED.

Noah was "a preacher of righteousness." (II Pet. 2:5). He without doubt made full proof of his ministry for

through it we read he condemned the world. How was the world condemned? Because they turned a deaf ear to the preaching of Noah and hardened their hearts against the solemn warnings of the Almighty. You are in the same condemnation. How often you have been preached to and how often you have hardened your neck against gospel light and truth. O ye Christ rejectors, an end will come to your days of hearing the gospel. A preached to people will be doubly damned in hell. Better never to have heard, than to have heard and refused the gospel message. Yea, better far that you had never been born.

THEY WERE A PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN INTERCEDED FOR.

Aye, out yonder in the forest before he raised his axe to fell the gopher trees for timber for the ark, Noah knelt down and with anguish cried to high heaven for mercy on his hearers. See him upon his knees. Hear his earnestness as he beseeches God on behalf of a perishing world. So great an intercessor was Noah that he is listed by God Himself in Ezekiel along with Daniel and Job as one of the first three intercessors of the whole Old Testament period.

What sinner here can say "No one has prayed for me?" How terrible to perish with the prayers of God's people sounding in your ears and in your souls.

THEY WERE A PLEASURE LOVING PEOPLE

Noah's era was one of violent sin and licentious pleasure. The antediluvians were indeed lovers of pleasure

more than lovers of God. "And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark and the flood came, and destroyed them all." (Luke 17:26, 27).

Listen, sinner, the pleasures of sin are but for a short season. Then what of your eternity? All sinful pleasure lovers will be closed out of God's heaven for ever; closed out for judgment and for woe.

THEY WERE MOCKERS OF THE GOSPEL

What jibes and sneers Noah had to patiently endure. What scornful remarks were made about his person. What curses and blasphemies were called down upon his head. No doubt he was called old madman Noah. No doubt he was universally derided and ridiculed. It is the same today. The antediluvians denied the truth of Noah's message. The sinners of our day are busy making mockery of the history of Noah's flood. The same damning unbelief is in their hearts. God has warned us of these very circumstances and given us understanding of the days in which we live. "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished:

But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." (II Pet. 3:3-7).

O mocking sinner, take care. Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever you sow you shall also reap.

THEY HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITIES

For one hundred and twenty years Noah preached and for one hundred and twenty years they had opportunity to turn to God. When the ark was finished a further seven days were given. During these days they had ample time to seek the refuge of the ark. Part of the eighth day also the door stood ajar, and still they might enter. Then came the final entrance in of Noah and his last warning cry and invitation plea. To that final call they could have responded and have been saved. "And the Lord shut him in." With the shutting of the door their last opportunity perished and the Spirit strove no more.

When I consider the time which God gave them for repentance I understand a little of that tremendous expression of Peter, "When once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah." How many opportunities of Christ have you allowed wilfully to pass? Awaken! Awaken! slumbering soul, lest you sleep the sleep of eternal death. Haste ye, haste ye, to yonder mount Calvary lest the sun of the gospel opportunity sets for ever on your unrepenting heart, and I am forced to bid you an eternal farewell abandoning you to the blackness of darkness forever.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON: GLORYING IN THE CROSS

GLORYING IN THE CROSS

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. 6:14).

Ours is a Laodicean age. Apostate Protestantism like Apostate Romanism is given to glorying in the things of this present evil world. The world patronised Churches of today glory in *tradition*. "Look at our history," they exclaim. "See the mighties listed in our annals. Surely we are the true Church."

They glory in *buildings*. They point to their magnificent ecclesiastical structures. They are proud of their architectural glory, a glory that is Gothic, Grecian, Georgian or Contemporary. (shall I say contemptuous?)

They glory in *numbers*. They can blind you with statistics and stagger you with their long lists of subscribers. How many of these actually attend the Sunday services we wot not but we wonder!

They glory in *finances*. They are rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing. Their Church budgets swell year by year. Their investments are colossal.

They glory in *learning*. Their schools and colleges are unparalleled. They are the great men with the highest educational attainments.

They glory in their *standing*. Theirs are the recognised Churches. "Why," they proudly declare, "the very mention of our name is honourable. We are no mere sect, no sir, we are *the Church*."

My language is entirely different. With the rugged and scarred apostle I can say, "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Yes.

*All of what the world doth boast
I have learned to count but loss,
And the sight that charms me most
Is a sinner at the Cross.*

I. I WILL GLORY IN THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CROSS

"the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Paul's description is worthy of attention. It is not merely the cross of Jesus or the cross of the Lord or the cross of Christ. It is more, it is the cross of the *Lord Jesus Christ*. Yes, but even then the description is not complete. It is the cross of *our* Lord Jesus Christ. There is an important and distinguishing relationship here which must not be overlooked.

FIRSTLY, HIS DEITY IS EMPHASISED

He is called "Lord." The Lord of the New Testament is the Jehovah of the Old. The emphasis is upon the Saviour's Deity. Herein lies the *might* of the cross. The Cross is a demonstration of might. That sacrifice on

yonder tree is unique. It is both unnatural and supernatural. In all the annals of history and in all the unfolding of things yet to be, never again will there be such a sacrifice.

*Well may the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker died
For man the creature's sin.*

Sinner, behold and repent. God Incarnate suffered on the cross. Saint, behold and rejoice. God Incarnate has atoned completely for thy sins.

The Cross is the cross of the Lord.

SECONDLY, HIS HUMANITY IS EMPHASISED

He is called "Jesus." The emphasis is upon Our Lord's humanity. Herein lies the *mystery* of the cross. The cross is a declaration of mystery, the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. The purpose of the incarnation is propitiation. To this end was He born. He became flesh in order to die. He entered into time in order to redeem. He came into the world of sinners in order to save. He was crucified in order to justify.

The cross is the cross of *Jesus*, the Lord Jesus.

THIRDLY, HIS OFFICE IS EMPHASISED

He is called "Christ." Christ means the Anointed One, the emphasis is upon His Office. Herein lies the *mercy* of the cross. The cross is a proclamation of mercy.

In the Old Testament, prophets, priests and kings entered upon their special offices by anointing. Christ, who is our Prophet, Priest and King entered upon these

three great offices as mediator by a special anointing. He is truly Christ the Anointed One, anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows for the Holy Spirit was not given by measure unto Him.

Away in eternity, in the everlasting Council Chamber of the Holy Three, Jehovah the Father laid hold upon Jehovah the Son and by Jehovah the Holy Ghost anointed and appointed Him as the only Redeemer of the elect.

Behold Him in eternity, the anointed Prophet, Priest and King of His people. Yes, but come to Calvary, there the everlasting Covenant was ratified by Blood. There hangs the anointed Prophet; hear His prayers from the cross. There hangs the anointed Priest; behold His priestly work in awful sacrifice upon the tree. There hangs the anointed King crowned with thorns; wonder at His Kingly power in glorious display from that strange throne of wood. He raiseth the vilest offender, the dying thief, to the peerage of heaven. This is mercy indeed. The cross is the cross of *Christ*, the Lord Jesus Christ.

FOURTHLY, HIS RELATIONSHIP IS EMPHASISED

He is *our* Lord Jesus Christ. He, our Lord Jesus Christ, has brought those who are saved into an intimate, personal and glorious relationship with Himself. Herein lies the *majesty* of the cross. The cross is a revelation of majesty.

The redeemed of the Lord revel in such language as that of the saintly Rutherford,

*Oh, I am my beloved's
And my beloved's mine;*

He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine.
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand
Not even where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land.

The cross is the cross of *our* Lord, our Lord Jesus Christ.

II. I WILL GLORY IN THE DEATH OF THE CROSS

"the cross."

Paul had no hazy ideas of what he meant by the cross. Even a casual study of his writings will make that perfectly plain. The great apostle glorified not in the sign of the cross but rather in the sacrifice of the cross, not in the emblem of the cross but rather in the expiation of the cross, not in the structure of the cross but rather in the salvation of the cross, and not in the wood of the cross but rather in the work of the cross.

The argument often used in Protestant circles that the emblem of an empty cross is the proper sign of Christ's finished work, is completely foreign to the Scriptures of Truth. Its origin is pagan and popish.

The Lord Jesus Christ Himself has given us divinely appointed emblems of His death and finished work — the bread and wine of the communion feast. Any other emblems are an insult to His last commands, and are the furniture of Bethaven, the house of idols. The use of the emblem of the cross and the sign of the cross in many professed Protestant Churches is a sad departure from the glorious principles of our great Reformation

heritage, a retrograde step in the direction of the Woman of Babylon.

The cross to the Apostle meant simply "a living Saviour dying that a dying sinner might live." All Paul's writings are an exposition and elucidation of this tremendous theme. This is the pith and marrow, the cream and essence of his whole theology. What wonderful definitions he gives us of the great doctrines of the cross.

Of Imputation he says: "For He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." II Cor. 5:21. Of Substitution he writes: "the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Gal. 2:20.

Of Reconciliation he declares: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." II Cor. 5:19.

Of Redemption he proclaims: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Eph. 1:7.

Of Salvation he speaks: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." I Tim. 1:15.

Here then was what Paul glorified in and I too would make this the theme of all my glorying. What else dare poor bankrupt sinners glory in? We need grace, the cross is the great fount of grace. We need forgiveness, the cross is the great bank of forgiveness. We need hope, the cross is the great anchor of hope. We need power, the cross is the great generator of power. We need a way to heaven, the cross is the great ladder to glory.

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark! His expiring groans arise!
 See from His hands, His feet, His side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
 But life attends the dreadful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse His rebel foes!

III. I WILL GLORY IN THE DIMENSIONS OF THE CROSS

— *"the Cross."*

The cross is a mighty thing and it has tremendous dimensions.

THE HEIGHT OF THE CROSS — THE CROSS GODWARD

At the top of the accursed tree are the nail-pierced hands of the Godman. Heaven's doors are barred to me, the law condemned sinner. Divine justice has fastened up the eternal chains and turned the everlasting lock against my entrance. The top of the cross is the golden key and those bleeding hands are the power that turns it in the lock.

Behold, the golden key is fitted in the lock. Behold those blessed hands turning it. See the great chains lifted down. Hear the glad sound of the unlocking of heaven's gate. Wonder, the blessed portals are thrown back. Rejoice, by grace from the top of the cross I step onto

Jehovah's throne, the heir of God and joint heir of Jesus Christ.

THE CENTRE OF THE CROSS — THE CROSS CHRISTWARD

At the centre of the cross is the broken heart of Christ, flowing crimson for the sins of His people. He is now fulfilling His covenant engagements for and on behalf of His own. He is now drinking the bitter cup of judgment that we might partake of the blessed cup of justification. He bleeds in order to bless. He suffers that we might be saved. He dies that we might live.

Jesus, Thou Son and heir of heaven,
 Thou spotless Lamb of God!
 I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And sweltering in Thy blood!
 He died, that we to sin might die,
 And live to God alone;
 He died, our hearts to purify,
 And make them all His own.

THE BREADTH OF THE CROSS — THE CROSS MANWARD

The limits of the cross are the sides of the Blessed Redeemer. From His wounded side there flows a veritable torrent of blood, forming a sea of mercy without bottom, brim or shore. East and west and north and south it flows, bringing redemption to the world of sinners. 'Neath those crimson waves there is cleansing for

you, dear sinner. Yes, you can sail to the promised land of the heavenly Canaan on the Red Sea of the Redeemer's blood. Plunge at once beneath this fountain and then in glad experience you will shout, Hallelujah to the Lamb.

THE BASE OF THE CROSS — THE CROSS

DEVILWARD

At the base of the cross are the bleeding feet of Jesus. Yes, the adder was bruising His heel, but, praise God, the adder's head was crushed beneath His feet. The gospel promise given at the dawning of man's sinful history is gloriously fulfilled. The great adversary of God and man is vanquished by the victorious Christ. The Lion of Judah is conqueror o'er the dragon of the pit. The Stone of Zion smashed the serpent of hell. With old Newton we can sing:

Satan and his host, amazed,
Saw this Stone in Zion laid;
Jesus, though to death abased,
Bruised the subtle serpent's head,
When, to save us,
On the cross His blood He shed.

IV. I WILL GLORY IN THE DESIGN OF

THE CROSS

*"by whom the world is crucified unto me and
I unto the world."*

Why, we have the design of the cross revealed in the mysterious fact that upon it were three crucifixions all in one!

CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED, THAT'S SUBSTITUTION

He took my place and died for me. Upon that basis I, a totally condemned, heart condemned, heaven condemned sinner, am justified freely by His grace. No more wrath for me. No more hell for me. No more condemnation for me. Only mercy, heaven and pardon for my soul. Hosanna to the Son of David!

I AM CRUCIFIED, THAT'S IDENTIFICATION

Christ not only died for me but He died as me. He was my representative as well as my substitute. In Him I died and so in Him I live for evermore. He that is dead is freed from sin. Behold the shining way to victory, the King's Highway of life everlasting. Sinner, this is the way from the dungeon to the palace, from imprisonment to enthronement.

THE WORLD IS CRUCIFIED, THAT'S

EMANCIPATION

The power of the world is broken. Its siren song is stilled in silence. Its allurements have become the corruption of the tomb. Its entertainments the rattling bones and the grinning of the skulls. Its bloom is paled in death. Its beauties despoiled by the decay of the grave. The world that I once thought so lovely, so enchanting, so intriguing, is now by the cross a vile, stinking corpse. I hurl it from me, ashamed I ever found it lovely. I repudiate its claims, surprised that I should ever have been enticed by its temptations. I am emancipated from the world, it is crucified unto me.

Alas, some of you are still held by the power of the world. Poor fools, running after a bubble which will soon burst and vanish from your enchanted eyes. Through the cross there is deliverance for you. Right now by that wondrous cross you can become a new creature and all your old sinful desires, habits, practices and language can be gone forever. Turn now and flee to the cross, look not behind you lest you be consumed.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
TOWERS OF
FALSEHOOD

TOWERS OF FALSEHOOD

"Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place."

— Isaiah 28:17.

The stern facts of sin, death and judgment demand that you get yourself a refuge. Without a doubt you need a hiding place to shelter your mind and soul from the dread consequences of sin, the terror of death and the eternity of judgment.

What is more, you have provided for yourself such a refuge. When thoughts of sin, death and judgment intrude uninvited into your mind and conscience your answer to such dread visitors reveals exactly what is your hiding place, your shelter, your refuge. Everyone has some sort of refuge; a last resort to which they flee when pursued by the black hounds of guilt and fear.

It is surely of vital importance to make certain that the refuge to which you trust your soul is absolutely impregnable and imperishable. What if it collapsed at the very moment when your all depended upon it? What if it crumbled around you as you committed yourself to its protection? What if instead of it being a true refuge you discovered it to be a refuge of lies? Alas, if

this discovery came too late and you found yourself unshriven for eternity, unfitted for heaven, unclothed for judgment and unprepared to meet your God.

Oh! that you were wise, that you understood this, that you would consider your latter end. A careful consideration of the truths of our text will soon reveal to us whether our refuge is true or false, trustworthy or a sham. First, let us consider *the tests of truth*, second *the towers of falsehood* and finally *the terrors of judgment*.

I. THE TESTS OF TRUTH

—"Judgment will I lay to the line and righteousness to the plummet."

You will notice that the tests of truth are thorough. A surveyor is asked to give his opinion of a building. His practised eye reveals to him almost immediately its weaknesses and deficiencies. He soon has a general idea of its state and structure. But when he brings out his measuring gauges and makes a particular survey then everything faulty is revealed. What would miss scrutiny in a general survey **cannot escape** the particular examination with line and plummet. So it is with the tests of truth. Truth makes a thorough and careful survey of your refuge. The line of equity and the plummet of righteousness are laid along its walls. Its foundations, fabric and finish all come under the searchlight. Surely it is much better to have such a thorough scrutiny now in time when there is opportunity to remedy your plight than with foolish procrastination to postpone it to the Great Judgment Day when the opportunity for remedy will have fled away forever.

There are four characteristics of a true refuge and if when your refuge is tested by truth these four characteristics are not found then you can rest assured, no matter what you think or feel that your refuge is as false as sin, a deception of Satan through which he hopes to ensnare you to the pit of hell. Firstly, a true refuge is;

A SURE REFUGE

In the previous verse it is spoken of as "a sure foundation." There is absolutely no doubt about a true refuge. Sin's onslaughts cause no tremors to its walls. Hell's darts make no impact on its structure. Satanic tempests leave it unshaken. The ravages of time carve no scars upon its bulwarks. It stands impregnable, a building of God, a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. Hallelujah!

Is yours such a refuge? Does the thought of death cause you to tremble? If it does, what will not the experience of death do? Does the thought of meeting with your God strike terror into your sinful soul? If the thought has this effect upon you how stricken will you be when you actually meet your Maker? Yes, friend, and meet Him you must and meet Him you shall. Does the faithful preaching of Hell with its terrors and torments fill you with dread? How much more dreadful will be your plight when you awake tormented in its flames.

If there is any doubt about your refuge it is by no means a sure one. As such it will fail you in death and destroy you in eternity. It is a refuge of lies and God will sweep away the refuge of lies and the waters shall

overflow the hiding place. Forsake it now and cleave to Christ for He alone is the sure foundation.

Secondly, a true refuge is

A SAVING REFUGE

The soul is delivered from the chains of guilt and the snares of sinful habits when it hides in the true refuge. Satan's dominion runs not within these walls. Here the soul is saved from sin and death and hell. The liberty of such a refuge is real and the deliverance of the soul is soon publicly demonstrated. Is yours a saving refuge? Are you completely delivered from your guilty fears? Are you publicly demonstrating that you are walking in glorious liberty? Has sin's dominion been crushed and broken in your heart? If your refuge has not accomplished this for you it is not a saving refuge but rather a refuge of lies. If it cannot save you in time from sin, are you not a fool to expect that in eternity it will save you from hell? Oh, hear these words for eternity, "God shall sweep away all your refuge of lies and the waters shall overflow your hiding place."

Thirdly, a true refuge is

A SANCTIFYING REFUGE

The soul really and truly abiding in the true refuge is becoming a truer and better and holier person. Hatred for sin is accomplished by love of righteousness. Any person who talks about personal salvation and lives in wilful sin is a deceiver and is being deceived. The Lord Jesus saves people from their sins. The sanctifying of

His people is the outward evidence of the reality of the inward spiritual work. Without it there is no proof of the genuineness of the work within.

Are you becoming holier day by day? Is your heart yearning for righteousness? Is sin a grief rather than a joy to you? Are you escaping the snares which once entangled you? If not, your refuge is a false one and comes short of the tests of truth. You are weighed in the balances and are found wanting. Yes, and God will sweep away the refuge of lies and the waters will overflow the hiding place.

Lastly, a true refuge is

A SATISFYING REFUGE

The true refuge completely and fully satisfies. God is satisfied with Christ the Rock of Ages and therefore with the soul who hides in Christ. With the soul in Christ heaven is satisfied. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" (Rom. 8:33-35).

The believing soul is completely satisfied with Christ. The conscience finds a satisfactory answer in the sacrifice of Golgotha.

Is your conscience completely satisfied by your refuge? Does it answer an aroused conscience's highest demands? Does it fill your soul with entire satisfaction? Are there

doubts, fears, troubles, questionings and despair? If so, there is something wrong. Your refuge must alas be false, a structure doomed to fall, a hiding place which most certainly will collapse in the awful day of eternal testing. Fix these words upon your soul and learn wisdom today. God will sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place.

Having considered the tests of truth we will now examine the towers of falsehood in which so many are hiding themselves today.

II THE TOWERS OF FALSEHOOD

— *"the Refuge of Lies . . . the Hiding Place."*

If I approached you and questioned you about your hope for eternity what would your reply be? Many of you would answer, "Oh, I'm just doing the best I can!" That is

THE MORAL MAN'S TOWER OF FALSEHOOD

Doing the best you can will take you to hell, for your best is a bundle of filthy, diseased and leprous rags in God's eyes. Listen to what God Himself says, "But we all are as an unclean thing, and our righteousnesses are as filthy rags and we do all fade as a leaf; and our iniquities like the wind have taken us away." Isaiah 61:6. Ponder your *depravity*, you are as an unclean thing in God's eyes. Learn your *impurity*, your righteousness — mark, not your sins — yes and not even your righteousness but all your righteousnesses, the sum total of your goodness, are as filthy rags in God's sight. Consider your *mortality*, you are fading as a leaf. Soon eternity will cast its eternal shadows upon your sinful soul. Study

your *iniquity*, for your iniquities like the wind have taken you away; away from God, from Christ, from hope; away to sin, to death and eventually, if grace prevent not, away to hell.

Doing the best you can is a tower of falsehood which in the day of God's tempest of hail will collapse about you, and so expose you to the fury of the eternal thunders of the Almighty's wrath. Only the soul who can really and truly say:

*Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
O let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.*

is safe for eternity.

Others of you, if questioned about your soul's salvation would reply, "Why, I'm as good, yes, even better than these supposed Christians!" That is

THE CRITIC'S TOWER OF FALSEHOOD

What a low, downright despicable person you must be if you can hide behind the mistakes, the failings, the faults, the sins of God's people. Oh, you fool, do you think that the thought of someone else falling into deep sin will solace you when the death dew is on your brow? Do you think that the folly of your neighbour is a passport to heaven for you? What sort of reasoning, nay rather lunacy, is this? You are hiding in a tower of falsehood and the first blast of judgment will topple it about

you, revealing to heaven, earth and hell the nakedness and shame of your polluted soul. Listen, every man must give account of *himself*, not his wife, his children, his friends, his neighbours, his minister, but himself to God.

Yes, and some of you as you hear this message are saying, "But I believe that God is a God of love." That is

THE DELUDED'S TOWER OF FALSEHOOD

God is most certainly a God of love, yea verily God is Love. But God is also most certainly a God of inflexible justice, yea verily God is Light. God never exercises any of His attributes at the expense of another. If He did there would be discord in His nature and He would cease to be God. God's justice rightly demands the death of the sinner. God's love provides the death of the Substitute. God's law decrees that "Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Flout this law, disobey its precept, trample on its promise and with all your deluded talk about God's love you'll awake in the anguish of unquenchable fire. Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Perhaps as I'm preaching there is someone saying, "I don't believe in hell, I don't believe in God. The preacher should have lived in the Puritan era. He hasn't grown up. He's not abreast of the age. He's an old-fashioned Bible preacher." Ah, my friend, you are hiding in

THE FOOL'S TOWER OF FALSEHOOD

The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." Yes, and all the fools are not dead yet as is quite evident

from your foolish thoughts. The fool can deny that the sun will rise on the morrow but despite all his ravings the sun continues on its course. The fools of Noah's day laughed at Noah and erected their towers of falsehood. The flood soon overflowed their useless hiding places. The fools in Jeremiah's day denied that Jerusalem would be destroyed. They hid in their towers of falsehood but the troops of Babylon soon laid them in rubble. The fools of our Lord's day scorned His prophecy that the temple would perish. They constructed their towers of falsehood too but Titus soon laid them every one low. When the hand of death strikes you, you fool, your infidel arguments, your sceptical text-books, your atheistical trash will avail you nothing. A second of hell's flame will shrivel your building of a life-time and throughout eternity you'll learn the stern lesson that there is a God in heaven.

Are there not others here, however, who are vainly trusting in religion. Alas, there is also

THE RELIGIOUS TOWER OF FALSEHOOD

How many go to hell via the church, the sacraments, the choir, the Sunday School, yes, and even through the pulpit. As someone has said. "You may *sacrifice* like Cain (Gen. 4:3) *weep* like Esau (Gen. 27:38) *serve* like Gehazi (II Kings 5:20), *leave* Sodom like Lot's wife (Gen. 19:26), *tremble* like Felix (Acts 24:25), *be zealous* for God like Israel (Rom. 10:2), *be a disciple* like Judas (Acts 1:25), *take part in worship* like Korah (Num. 16), *have a house of worship* like Micah (Judges 17:5), *desire to die the death of the righteous* like Balaam (Num. 23:10),

make long prayers like the Pharisees (Matt. 23:14), *prophecy* like Saul (I Sam. 10:10), *have lamps* like the foolish virgins (Matt. 25:1-3), *be near the Kingdom* like the young man (Matt. 19:16), *almost a Christian* like Agrippa (Acts 26:28), and yet be lost!"

The shores of a lost eternity are studded with the ruins of religious towers of falsehood through which millions of church people have perished. Vain, yes vain indeed is your church-going, your baptism, your prayers, your Christian service, for salvation. Vain are all things but a living faith in the living Christ.

Finally, let us consider the terrors of judgement.

III. THE TERRORS OF JUDGMENT

— "*The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies and the waters shall overflow the hiding place.*"

Under two figures the terrors of judgment are depicted, the hailstorm and the overflowing waters. Let us glance at each and seek to learn their spiritual meaning. The hailstorm is not manufactured by man. It is not the product of human heads or hearts. It comes from heaven. Learn from this that

JUDGMENT IS SACRED

God is the Judge of all the earth. Before Him you will have to stand. At His bar you will be called upon to give account. To His Judgment you will have to submit. By Him and by Him alone will your eternal sentence be pronounced. Listen, "God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained: whereof He hath given assur-

ance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." Acts 17:31. Remember ever, that it is appointed unto man once to die but after this the judgment. Aye, and to this judgment you are now hastening. Every tick of the clock brings you nearer to that inevitable hour. The axle of fast-hastening time is burning red by the speed with which it races you to the last great Assize. Soon shall strike the appointed time, the time when the terrors of judgment will sweep away your refuge of lies.

The hailstorm is apt to arise suddenly and pour its fury unexpectedly upon the earth. Learn from this that

JUDGMENT IS SUDDEN

When they say "Peace and Safety," then sudden destruction shall come upon them. We know not what a day may bring forth. How soon can men be hurled down from the throne of power to the tomb of poverty, from the pedestal of health to the pallor of sickness, yes and from the highway of life to the dungeon of death. How many seconds between my soul and eternity I cannot tell, but this I know there is but a step between me and death. Death, alas, to you my unconverted hearer would be the entrance to hell and damnation. Suddenly will judgment strike its terror home to your heart.

The hailstorm is devastating in its work. It spares neither man nor beast, tree nor plant. It leaves behind in its wake a whole trail of disaster. Learn from this that

JUDGMENT IS SWEEPING

It will sweep away that refuge of lies into which you have crawled for safety. Nothing can stand before the

sweep of its awful potency. It shall and must prevail. Those stout walls of pride are no match for its mighty force. They will crumble as clay before its onrush. The foundations of empty excuses will perish under its unrelenting furies. The Rock of Ages only is a refuge and a shelter in the time of this hailstorm.

The other figure is that of the waters overflowing the hiding place. Note the expression "the hiding place."

JUDGMENT IS SEARCHING

The waters of judgment will unfailingly search out every hiding place in which man would conceal his guilty soul. Every secret covered place will be overflowed when judgment terrors strike. No safety for the unregenerate in the judgment. No place to cover the unconverted man. No refuge to hide the doomed sinner in that dread day. Hearken to these solemn words, "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" Revelation 6: 15-17.

The overflowing waters of our text remind us of the Great Deluge of Noah's Day. They teach us that

JUDGMENT IS SURE

I would make the final words of the royal preacher Solomon my final words to you. "For God shall bring

every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Ecclesiastes 12:14.

Oh, leave your tower of falsehood, for like Sodom of old it is doomed. **Haste away** to mount Calvary and hide thyself in the cleft **Rock of Ages**. "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." That man, that hiding place, that covert, that refreshment, that great rock is Christ, and Christ alone.

O lead me to the Rock

That's high above my head,

And make the covert of thy wings

My shelter and my shade!

Within Thy presence, Lord,

For ever I'd abide;

Thou art the Tower of my defence

The Refuge where I hide.

May this be the experience of us all.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
**THE HOUSE APPOINTED
FOR ALL LIVING**

THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING

*"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death,
and to the house appointed for all living."*

— Job 30:23.

Something we all know but something we don't like to think or discourse upon — *Death*. Old Job had been brought into the valley of death's shadows. His frail tabernacle was rudely shaken by the tempests of destruction. His soul melted in the fires of tremendous affliction. The chains of his sickness secured him firmly in their galling grasp. His bones and flesh, pierced with the keen edge of awful pain in the night season, forced him to exclaim, "My sinews take no rest." The bony fingers of death had him by the throat so that he declares "It bindeth me about as the collar of my coat."

As the frail tent of life's mortality seemed ready to collapse, the tested patriarch by bitter experience could say, "For I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living." He had learned this ancient lesson of truth in the school of his own experience, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

In order that we may all consider our latter end and be wise unto eternal salvation we will expound the solemn subject of death as set forth in Job's metaphor, "the house appointed for all living."

I. A HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS

The house appointed for all living is first of all a house of dark shadows. O Death, thy dark shadow lies ever across us mortals. At the commencement of life's journey, at the starting point of our pilgrimage, death is near. There is

DEATH'S DARK SHADOW AT OUR BIRTH

As soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Our mother went down into death in order to bring us forth. We were all begotten as it were on the doorstep of the house appointed for all living. Yes, we were not only born to live but were also born to die. How many birthdays have been deathdays? How many have gone straight from the cradle to the coffin!

DEATH'S DARK SHADOW AS WE LIVE

We grow up amongst dying men and women. We mortals can never get away from the shadow of this house appointed for all living. In our days of joy its shadows subdue us. In our days of pleasure death is not an absentee. We lift the paper. It has its death column. We go down the street. A funeral confronts us. Every city, every town, every village and every district have their graveyards. Death is never too far from any one of us. Yes, and at the end of the journey there is

DEATH'S DARK SHADOW AS WE DIE

The gloom is going to deepen. As we have had our sunrise and midday so we will have our sunset and midnight. When we approach to enter the great house

appointed for all living the darker its shadows will be upon us. Perhaps for you the shadow has already deepened and alas, you know it not. Unprepared, unregenerate, unconverted soul, remember there is but a step between you and death and that death, eternal death — the death that never dies.

To you, dear, unsaved friend, there will be

DEATH'S DARK SHADOW FOR EVERMORE

Your death will but lead to the second death, damnation in the lake of fire. The dark shadow of physical dissolution will give place to the black shadow of eternal damnation. Before you, soul without hope in Christ, is nought but the blackness of darkness for ever. Verily, the house appointed for all living is a house of dark shadows.

II. A HOUSE OF DISTRESSING SEPARATIONS

Death is the great separator. It rends asunder the strongest links ever forged on earth. It respecteth not the marriage tie but with desecrating finger unlooses ruthlessly the marriage bonds. It heeds not the cries of children as it ushers their parents down its long dark corridors. It strikes at homes and leaves the family unit in ruins. Husbands must leave their wives at its dread command. Wives must forsake their husbands at its orders. Children must be rent asunder from the parents and parents from their children when death speaks. It is the great divider. It cleaves the soul from the body, the immortal from the mortal, the spiritual from the physical and the eternal from the earthy. O death, what rents thy cold fingers have made! What chasms thou hast dug! What bonds thou hast broken! What distresses thou hast

caused! What breaks thou hast made! Thou sparest not but cruelly divides the mortal sons of Adam's accursed race! Ah, friend, you will not leave your sin but death will take you from it. You will not give up your lusts but death will separate you from them. You will not forsake the world but death will force you from it. You will not separate from your vile companions but death will smash that cherished relationship. No human bond too strong but death can break it. No human union too close but death can smash it. No human relationship too sacred but death can destroy it. There is only one bond, not human but divine, which death can never sever. There is only one union, not human but divine which death can never smash. There is only one relationship, not human but divine, which death can never destroy. That bond, that union, that relationship, is found in Christ and in Christ alone.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8:35-39.

Are you in Christ? Has everlasting love bound you to heaven eternally? By the new birth have you entered into this eternal relationship that naught can sever? If

not, why not? Remember, the house appointed for all living is the house of distressing separations and the Divider Death is sole master there.

III. A HOUSE OF DEVASTATING STRENGTH

How strong is this house appointed for all living! Its massive walls have stood unshaken as centuries crumbled to oblivion. Its chains hold fast its occupants and its great iron gates open not to the commands of men. Man, proud man, sinful man, wilful man, talks of conquering space but he cannot conquer death. All are subject to its power. All must obey its awful sceptre. Queen Elizabeth the First of England shrieked as death approached her, "All my possessions for a moment of time." No time was granted her for queens must die. The vile Voltaire who blasphemously named Christ "the wretch" said to his doctor, "I'll give you all I have if you save my life six months." His doctor said, "You can't live six hours." Soon death struck him for infidels must die. Yes, and if you walk through any graveyard you'll find quite short and narrow graves there, for children too must die.

*O Death! Thou great invisible,
Pale monarch of the unending Past,
Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
Or when shall be the last!
By thee high thrones to earth are flung—
By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
By thee the beautiful and young
Lie mouldering in the dust,
Into thy cold and faded reign
All glorious things of earth depart;
The fairest forms are early slain,*

*And quenched the very heart.
But in yon world thou hast not been,
Where joy can fade, nor beauty fall:
O mightiest of the things unseen,
Save One that rulest all!*

Oh, what power has death. With one fell stroke it can turn the healthy body into a corpse. With but one blow it can lay the mightiest low. How quickly it can turn the house of rejoicing into the house of mourning, the house of merriment into the house of bereavement. How swiftly it can transform the song into the sigh. How, frail man, can you battle with such a foe? With the old prophet let me ask of you the question, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Jeremiah 12:5.

Only Christ is a match for the last great enemy, death. On the Cross Christ, Emmanuel, Victor of Calvary, destroyed him who had the power of death, that is to say the devil, and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Through Him and through Him alone you can be completely delivered from the devastating strength of death and be enabled to shout at the grinning monster, "O death where is thy sting?" Only by being a partaker of eternal life can you escape the tremendous power of the king of terrors. Hear now, the sweet and glorious message of the gospel, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

IV. A HOUSE OF DESPAIRING SORROWS

The house appointed for all living, is, to those who contemplate its sombre structure, a house of despairing sorrows. Death is ever an enemy and even to those in Christ who have only to face the shadow and not the substance there must, because of the necessity of human circumstances, be sorrow.

THE SORROW OF DYING

The sorrow of those who die in Christ is the sorrow of saying farewell. It is only natural that we should long to remain with our families and our friends. With Paul we can say, "It is needful for me to abide in the flesh." Nevertheless, the Christian must say farewell. The house of despairing sorrows lies in his path to the land of no sorrow and care, and through its forbidding portals he must pass on his journey upward to glory. With young Hugh McKail the Scottish martyr we will have to say sorrowfully, "Farewell, father and mother; friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell, sun, moon and stars." We shall continue joyfully, however, with that same dear warrior. Welcome, God and Father, welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace and God of all consolation; welcome, glory, welcome, eternal life and welcome death."

What must be the sorrow of the soul who dies with no welcome on his lips? For him it is farewell forever. Separation for all eternity. An isolation which never ends.

THE SORROW OF THOSE LEFT BEHIND

The sorrow is very real. At the grave of His friend Lazarus our Lord Jesus wept. Yes, and at the open graves of our departed loved ones we stand with sad and weeping eyes. How we long for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still. We sorrow not, as Christians, like those who have no hope but we do really sorrow.

THE SORROW OF THOSE WHO DIE WITHOUT HOPE

What shall we say of those whose sorrows in death are but the prelude to the sorrows of everlasting woe. Alas, my unsaved friend, real sorrow for you will only be beginning to begin when you enter the house appointed for all living, that house of despairing sorrows. What tongue could describe the sorrows of the damned in perdition? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared in hell for those who have rejected His Son.

*There is a place in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur choked with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer*

*Is forced to sup whole drafts of molten gold:
There is the murderer forever stabbed,
Yet can never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
He feels the torrents of his raging lust.*

What sorrow! Appetites for sin, but no way to satisfy them. Cravings for iniquities but no possibility of fulfillment. This is eternal sorrow indeed. Will this be your bitter portion forever?

V. A HOUSE OF DEADLY SUMMONS

Note well the divine instrumentality. It is God Who brings men to death and to the house appointed for all living. That house is the house of deadly summons. Soon shall the Almighty direct His mighty angel to deliver his death warrant to your soul. Perhaps already the swift messenger has commenced his flight from the everlasting throne. Soon shall his sharp sword of justice drink your blood. Soon shall his arrows of retribution penetrate the armour of your life. Man, you are doomed, and soon, except you repent you shall be damned.

I would use the burning language of Edwards as I plead with you to turn to Christ: "O sinner! consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell: you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator, and nothing

to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment."

*How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.*

Before the awful warrant is executed flee to Christ. A week's, a day's, an hour's, nay verily a moment's delay could be fatal. Turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? May God save you from an unready deathbed and from the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:

THREE MEN GOING TO
HELL, ALL LIVING IN
BALLYMENA, THEIR
NAMES SHALL BE
GIVEN

THREE MEN GOING TO HELL, ALL LIVING IN BALLYMENNA, THEIR NAMES SHALL BE GIVEN

"Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!"
Matt. 23:15.

Some people say "What right has Ian Paisley to come to the Ballymena Town Hall and talk about three men going to hell?"

First of all, *let me say that there is a hell* and the hell which I preach is the hell which Jesus preached, the hell which the Bible speaks of, and the hell which is revealed in all its terror and torment, in the Word of God.

So if you are one of those people who with a shrug of your shoulders, can put away the thought of hell, then you are a fool because at the end of every life there is either Heaven with Christ or Hell without Him.

The second thing I want to say, by way of preface, is *that it would be a very happy thing if there were only three men in this town going to hell.* But the great

tragedy is this that passing onward, quickly passing throughout this town, district and neighbourhood there are many scores of hundreds of precious souls, aye, thousands and ten thousands of men and women in this North Antrim constituency, and if this Bible is the Word of God, (and it is,) if Jesus Christ is the Son of God (and He is) if the gospel is God's Truth, (and it is) then those scores of hundreds, those tens of thousands of men and women are going to a lost sinner's hell. That is why we are concerned. That is why we are praying. That is why, on Friday night, men give up their sleep to intercede before Almighty God for their fellows, their brothers, their sisters, their fathers, their mothers, their neighbours and their relations. They were praying in that prayer-meeting "Lord, save them from hell."

I trust that the reality of a lost eternity, I trust that the eternal verity of hell fire will be impressed in your heart this afternoon and that you will realise that we are handling things which are true, things which are eternal, and things which are established and cannot be altered.

This message which I am going to preach was prompted by a reading of that great immortal dream of John Bunyan's, the "Pilgrim's Progress." No doubt, you will recognise some of Bunyan's characters as I proceed with my message.

THE FIRST MAN — MR. SPARE THE ROD

Many years ago in the town of Ballymena there lived a very smart young gentleman. He had a peculiar name. They called him *Mr. Spare the Rod*. I do not know whether you have ever met him. He had a peculiar be-

lief that it was wrong, dangerous and harmful to chastise a child with corporal punishment.

I wish my Dad had believed that. If he had I would not have had so many sore behinds when I was growing up!

One day this smart young Mr. Spare the Rod met a charming young girl. She was called *Miss Spoil the Child*. Did you ever meet her? She believed that children were born to be spoiled.

When a bright young gentleman and a beautiful young girl get to know one another, to use a Ballymena expression, they "click" and the courtship proceeds, and if everything runs smooth, eventually they get married!

So the invitations went out for the wedding of Mr. Spare the Rod and Miss Spoil the Child.

Now it is a usual thing at a wedding to have guests. Quite a number of people were invited as the Spoil the Childs were very well known Ballymena people. The first invitation was sent to a *Mr. Stubborn*. Did you ever meet him about the street or about the Fair Hill on Saturday? You farmers have met him! Two others invited were *Mrs. Self-seeking* and *Miss Self-will*. Yes and here is a fellow you all know, (maybe you see him when you look in the mirror) *Mr. Have my own Way*. Did you ever meet him? A young man called *Master Stiff* was also invited. He was courting a woman called *Miss Selfish*. So they all turned up, to the wedding.

After a child was born into the family of Mr. Spare the Rod and his wife Spoil the Child, they had a christening ceremony and this is the first man I want to introduce you to. They named him Obstinate, and a very

obstinate person he was.

The first man in this town who is headed out for hell is Mr. Obstinate.

Now the Bible has many things to say about obstinacy of heart and mind and soul.

How many people in the Town Hall today are not saved just because they are obstinate? Just because of that stubbornness of sin, that iron brass neck which they have developed through sinning and wilful and continual sinning. When I press upon you the claims of the gospel, when I urge you to repent and believe the Word of God, when you feel the conviction of the Spirit, in the service, on your life and heart, what is it that keeps you from Jesus Christ? Obstinacy of will! Obstinacy of heart! Obstinacy of habit!

I want to show you from God's Word what God says about the obstinate man.

I Samuel chapter fifteen. This is a tremendous scripture. I would not have time this afternoon to plumb its depth, examine its truth or expound its great implications and ramifications. This is what God says about obstinacy. Verse twenty-three of this fifteenth chapter of I Samuel, "*For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry.*" Do you hear it? "Stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry."

You stubborn, obstinate, hard-willed, hard-hearted sinners, brought up in the evangelical tradition, brought up in the evangelical Protestant tradition, God says you are just as filthy and iniquitous in your sin as a pagan idolator who bows down to wood and stone. Stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry.

Oh, stubborn sinner today, let me remind you that one

day God will break that stubborn neck of yours. It will be broken in the day of death, and it will be broken in the day of judgment.

Listen to what the Book says over in Proverbs, "*He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*" (Proverbs chapter twenty-nine and verse one). Let me repeat it friend, "*He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*"

Many years ago, with the Rev. John Wylie, I erected a tent in the village of Dundonald in the outskirts of Belfast, and had a great Old Time Gospel Campaign. Five young men attended the mission services there night after night, and then one of them came to Christ. They continued to attend until four of them were redeemed and saved and one of them was still out of Christ. One night at the end of the meeting, standing in the doorway of the tent, the four men were round their companion. I can see them now, and they were pleading with him to make the great decision, to trust Christ, to be saved and complete the circle of five. They called me down to the door and they said "Mr. Paisley, we all came together to the meetings. Four of us are saved, and our friend here has not come to Christ" and those young men wept for their companion. I opened the Word of God and I showed him the way of salvation as plainly as I could put it, as simple as the Book says it. That young man looked at me and he said "I am not coming to Christ." I can hear his words in my ear at this moment, "I am not coming to Christ." His companions cried out in utter despair. I told them to continue to pray — and the five of them went down the Comber

Road. That young man went home. Some days later when he awoke one morning he was mentally deranged. He could not understand a thing. They had to take him to a mental hospital and there, as far as I am aware, he is to this day.

"*He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*" "*Because there is wrath beware, lest He take thee away with his stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.*" Do not be playing with your soul friend. Do not be gambling with time that is not yours. Do not be treating eternal things as trivialities. Obstinate sinner, today I command you in the Name of Jesus Christ, repent and believe the gospel. Turn to Christ and seek the meekness which comes through the Blood of the Lamb.

THE SECOND MAN — MR. HYPOCRISY

I want to turn now to the second man in Ballymena. He is a man you will find in every church in this town. He is a good church attender and he is a good mission hall attender. You will always find him among the people of God.

His father was *Mr. Sham*. And I am sure you have met that man about this town. His mother was *Miss Deceit*. Now if you marry Sham to Deceit, the result is *Hypocrisy*.

The second man I want to talk about is the hypocrite. The man that pretends to be what he is not. The man who gives an outward appearance, but inside he is the very opposite to that outward appearance.

I want to say something to the hypocrite in this meeting. I know there are such hypocrites here. There are

people who go to church on the Sabbath Day, who sing in the choir, who teach in the Sabbath School, who hold office in the church but they never have been born again. They have never been saved and washed in the Blood of Christ, and yet they pretend to be children of God. They go and come from the place of the holy. They stand and sit with God's people. They stand and sing the songs of Zion. They handle the sacred things of God, but their hearts have never been changed by God's Sovereign Grace.

I want to tell you, Mr. Hypocrite, three things.

Number one, God knows you. Now I do not know you. You could pull the wool over my eyes. You could pull the wool over Mr. Begg's eyes, over Mr. Cooke's eyes. You could pull the wool over the eyes of the best good-living man in this town who knows his God and walks with Christ. My friend, you do not deceive God Almighty. *God knows you!* He knows the hypocrisy of your heart. He knows how you are covering up your old iniquitous living. He knows how deceitful, how two-faced and what a sham and a liar you are. *God knows you.* You can deceive your friends. You can deceive your wife. Is there some man living a double life here today? His wife thinks he is straight up and down, but he is a snivelling hypocrite. He is playing around with the affections of another woman. He is trying to tell his wife that he is faithful to his marriage vows. I tell you man, God sees you and God knows all about you.

Is there someone here today in this service and they are not right with their God? Let me say to you, *God knows you.* It is simple, but how true it is. Yes, and I could go on and talk about people living double lives,

pretending one thing and doing the opposite.

Secondly, that Life will prove you. You can put on a fair show in the flesh for a time. You can cover it up for a time. You can conceal it for a time. You can bury it for a time. But I want to tell you, woman, some day your sins will rise up and confront you. Be sure your sin will find you out. Oh, yes, man, your sins will find you out.

I could tell you story after story about men and women whose sins found them out. To the surprise of their neighbours, to the surprise of their wives, to the surprise of their husbands, and to the surprise of their family, their sin was uncovered.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Sir, you will reap what you are sowing. Madam, you will reap what you are sowing. The harvest will certainly come, and you will reap whatsoever you sow.

One final word. *Death will unmask you.*

Oh, there is an unmasking day coming for the hypocrite. My, when the cold river of death flows at our feet, when the great summons to meet God reaches us, when the curtains of that great corridor of death are drawn aside, when a hand greater than eternity seizes us and urges along that dark lonely journey through the waters of death, out into the great eternity, I tell you, all your hypocrisy will be unmasked then. Unconverted communicant member of the church, how will you do when you come to die? Passing yourself off as a Christian will not help you then. All that will be torn from you, and you will be portrayed in the nakedness of your sin, in the shame of your hypocrisy before the God Whose

eyes will search you through and through.

The saddest death, the most tragic death is the death of the hypocrite. It was to the hypocrites Jesus said "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Have done with hypocrisy. Have done with sham. Have done with the lie. Get right with God. Really get converted. Really get saved. Really get washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Go out with the full assurance of faith, having your heart sprinkled with the precious pardoning Blood of Christ.

THE THIRD MAN — MR. PRESUMPTION

The last man I want to speak about is a man who is found in every locality and district. He comes of the *Sloth* family. And his mother was a *Miss Take-it-easy*. His name is *Presumption*. He is not in any hurry. I need to be saved, but I am not getting saved today. I know those men down in the Waveney Road were praying on Friday night. I know I need to be saved, but I am not getting saved today. I know there is a Heaven to be gained and a Hell to be shunned. I know that. I know that Jesus died for my sin, He shed His Blood to pardon me. I know if I trusted Christ and came to Him, He would receive me, "For him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," He says.

But I am not coming today. I have no intention of being saved today. I have no intention of trusting Christ today. Some more convenient day I will call on you, but not today. I have plenty of time. I am going to enjoy life. I am going to have my pleasure. I am going

to spend my youth in comfort, then maybe I will come to Christ, and trust Him. I have plenty of time.

That is the greatest lie the devil ever whispered in your ear. You have not got plenty of time. The only time you have is now. "Now is the accepted time, (says the infallible Book) now is the day of salvation."

I want to finish this message with a story which is very appropriate.

There was a prominent man who lived in this locality of Ballymena. He was in the grocery business. I had a friend of mine worked for him. It was from this friend I got the story. This businessman was not a Christian. Two Faith Mission pilgrims came to a certain mission hall near to where this man had his business. This friend of mine who worked for him asked him to go to the mission and he went. He came under conviction of sin, and he realised that he had a decision to make. He needed to trust Christ and be saved. But he resisted the Spirit of God. In his resistance he was miserable, as a convicted, undecided sinner always is. Now he went on for some time in this misery. He could not eat, he could not sleep, he could not attend to his business.

One day a traveller came in and said to him "You do not look well." He replied "I am not well." The traveller said, "What is wrong with you?" He responded, "I do not know. There were two Faith Mission pilgrims who came and preached the gospel. I attended the meetings." The traveller said, "Did you get saved?" He said "No, I did not get saved. I would not accept Christ. I was not going to get converted but ever since I have been miserable. I can neither sleep nor eat, nor attend to my business." The man was an emissary of hell sent to

that man. Do you know what he said? He said "You have plenty of time. As long as the candle holds out to burn, the greatest sinner may return. Your candle is burning, brightly, you have years before you. Do not trouble about it any more."

That little couplet became a deception and a deceit to that man. My friend who worked for him told him to get saved, to get right with God, and when the mission came to an end he pleaded with him to go and settle the matter. The man only laughed and said "As long as the candle holds out to burn, Tom, the greatest sinner may return. There is no need for me to be in a hurry."

That man did well in business. He wanted to do better and he sold his grocery establishment and bought a well-known pub. If he did well in groceries, he did better still in the devil's buttermilk, in liquor. He was well received. He was a prominent free mason. One night there was a Masonic Lodge meeting and dinner in Broughshane. He was the guest of honour. He made a brilliant speech and his masonic brethren hailed him for an up and coming man. He was just in his early forties.

He came back home. He drove up the drive into his house, but he did not know he was driving up the drive for the last time. He thought as long as the candle held out to burn, the greatest sinner may return. He put his latch key in the front door. He did not know he was opening his own front door for the last time. He stepped into the hall. His wife met him and she asked, "How did your dinner go?" He said "It was great. I delivered the speech of the evening. My masonic brethren cheered until the rafters of the hall rang!" He added "I am a bit tired. I will see you upstairs dear." He climbed the

stairs, but he did not know he was climbing the stairs for the last time. "As long as the candle holds out to burn, the greatest sinner may return." He opened the door of his bedroom. He did not know he was opening it for the last time. He went in and shut that door and shut himself in with death. His wife came up the stairs five minutes later, he was lying across the bed and his body was lifeless, and his soul was in a lost eternity.

Do you know what that man did? He presumed on Almighty God. He thought he had plenty of time. "As long as the candle holds out to burn, the greatest sinner may return."

Friend, the candle of your life could be almost out. This may be the last hour you will live. The car could be on the road that is going to knock you into eternity. The shroud could be woven that will wrap your lifeless body, the wood cut and the coffin made that will encase your corpse. Ah friend, do not be a fool. In God's Name with God's Bible in my hand let me give you this text of scripture, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

O come sinner, come,
O why do you delay?
The striking invitation is
That you should come today,
Tomorrow has no promise,
That it can give to you,
Tomorrow is Eternity
Just hidden from your view,
O come sinner come,
Accept the proffered grace,
For death may soon be calling you

Into her cold embrace.
The harvest will be ended,
The summer will be past,
Your lamentation then will be,
My soul is lost at last.
Lost at last! Lost at Last! Lost at last!
God forbid that that should ever be *your* lamentation.

AMEN AND AMEN!

SERMON:
ALMOST BUT NOT
ALTOGETHER

ALMOST BUT NOT ALTOGETHER

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian"
Acts 26:28.

One of the most fascinating human characters in the New Testament is this man called Paul.

I confess a strange love and liking for this man. Perhaps it was because he was a jailbird like me, and knew the inside of various prisons.

Paul had no formalism in his preaching. When he went to a town, the Lord Mayor did not meet him, the prominent people did not have any respect for him.

He started to evangelise Europe at a women's prayer meeting. He knew the thing that mattered was prayer. If it were only women who attended the prayer meeting, the great apostle was still prepared to pray with them. (I wonder what some of the Brethren would say to that? That is a tough nut for them to crack!) In the women's prayer meeting where the women resorted hither to pray, there was Paul. He then started his preaching and when he preached, things happened. If he did not have revival he had a riot. Paul was never an acceptable preacher. He was an old fiery, rugged prophet, for he had God's fire in his soul, an unquenchable fire to spread the evangel of Jesus.

In the portion of scripture which we read together, we find he has been twenty-five years on the job. He

never took a holiday. He never slept. He never preached without a burning passion flowing to those who heard him.

Now he is a prisoner. He is on the road to Rome to have his head taken from his body, but he is not the least bit worried. He is enjoying every minute of his jail sentence. Why? Because he knows that it is the will of God. He does not even call himself the slave of Caesar. He calls himself the slave of Christ.

In this chapter he is face to face with King Agrippa.

In another sermon we saw him face to face with Felix, that slave boy who was released by the emperor Claudius and elevated to the rank of a Roman governor.

Now Paul is before King Agrippa. He is before a royal personage. As he stands there on trial, he is not a bit concerned about himself. He is concerned about the souls of men.

As he preaches he becomes personal. He starts to apply the Word. May God apply the Word to men's hearts! Generalities in preaching will never win souls. It is the particularisation, the individualisation of God's Word in application to men's hearts. May God apply the Word in power to individuals in this meeting. May the Spirit of God take that Word, as it is preached in all the impotency of human lips and human vocabulary. May God so baptise the Word with Eternal fire and apply it to men's hearts until, in this meeting, we will hear the cry of sinners "Lord save me." It is a great thing when the meeting breaks up with the cry of sobbing souls. That is what happened in the '59 Revival. That is what we want to see happening in this hall. When God comes down, there is a mighty visitation.

The old preacher is at his work. He is really preaching. Then he looks at the king and he said "Believest thou the prophets?" The king nods his head. Paul responded "I know that thou believest." And then as the king leans forward and looks at the old prisoner, the old preacher of the Word, he says "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

There are three things I want to speak to you about tonight, simple things.

First of all, what is a Christian?

If I went down into this audience and asked what a Christian was, we would have some conflicting definitions, would we not?

You know in the United States of America there is a church which calls itself the Christian Church. It is the Campbellite Church. The story is told of a man who went evangelising, doing a bit of personal witness. He stopped a man in the street and said to him "Are you a Christian?" He said, "No, I am a Baptist." He thought he was asking him his denomination.

Let me tell you something, we would have great confusion in this meeting if I asked for a definition of what a Christian is.

I want to tell you from God's Word what a Christian is. That is the first thing!

Secondly, I want to show you the arguments which the old preacher used. How did he persuade men to be Christians? God teaches the art of scriptural persuasion. It is a great thing to be able to persuade men to become Christians.

Thirdly I want you to notice why Agrippa was only almost a Christian, and was not altogether a Christian.

ONE — WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

What is a Christian? If you have your New Testament, you will find in this chapter the greatest definition in the Bible of what a Christian is. You will find it in verse eighteen. It says, "to open their eyes," (Acts chapter 26 and verse 18). *A Christian is a person who has had an eye-opening experience. He has got his eyes opened.*

There were people here last night and they had their eyes opened. They got a vision of Jesus and what a vision they got of the Lord! May the Lord give you such an experience tonight.

A Christian is a person who has been turned. Yes! Something has happened. He has been turned from darkness unto light. From the power of Satan unto God. *He is a person who is under a new power.*

When leading a soul to the Lord last night, I turned to John chapter one and verse twelve, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power."

God gives you the power. You could not keep God's salvation a day, but God's salvation keeps you forever. Glorious salvation! Powerful salvation! "From the power of Satan unto God."

Then a Christian is a person who has had his sins forgiven. "The forgiveness of sin."

A Christian is a person who has got an inheritance.

If you believed the Press, I have all sorts of inheritances, in Australia, Canada and USA, if you please. I have never set eyes on them. I asked a press man one day, "Could you get me the Title Deeds of these ranches which I have. I would be glad to sell them and get some money for my building fund!"

Let me tell you, a Christian is a person who has got an inheritance. Yes! You did not know I had an inheritance. You did not know I have a better inheritance than a ranch in Colorado. Some day in Heaven I will show you over it. I will show you my inheritance. It is not a prefab to which I am going. It is a palace built of gold. Glory to God! Hallelujah! I will meet you in Glory Square, and I will take you up to my mansion, and I will show you the great things God has prepared for those that love Him. Is it not wonderful to have such an inheritance?

If the Housing Executive is doing nothing for you, praise God, God will do something for you! Amen! I do not want to get personal!

Let me say something else. *A person who is saved is sanctified.* That means he is a separated person. He is not among the old herd going down to the pit. He has been cut out of the rock. He has been lifted out of the miry clay. He is a separated person. The Lord has lifted him up. Up, out of the miry clay. He has set his feet on a rock. He has established his way.

A Christian is a person who has faith in Jesus. What a definition of a Christian.

I want to go back on it. A Christian has had an eye-opening experience.

Tell me, have you had this experience? Do not tell me that you are an Irish Presbyterian and that you know the Shorter Catechism, and the Psalms and the Paraphrases. Do not tell me that you go to the Church of Ireland and that you have been confirmed. Do not tell me that you are a Methodist. Do not tell me that

you are a Baptist. Do not tell me that you are a Free Presbyterian.

Tell me, are you a Christian? That is what matters. Have you had this eye-opening experience? Really and truly can you look back and say "Once I was blind, but now I see." Can you? That is what a Christian is. He has had his eyes opened.

When you were blind you did not mind going to hell. You thought you were having a great time. You thought everything was wonderful. You said, "Those Christians, sure they have nothing to live for." Then one day you got an eye-opening experience. The first thing you saw was yourself, and you discovered that from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there was not a sound thing in you. You were full of wounds, and bruises and putrifying sores.

I was preaching some years ago down in the County Tyrone in a tent. There is something exhilarating about preaching under canvas. There is something special about a tent campaign. I was preaching away night after night and people were getting saved. One night after I had finished and led some souls to the Lord, I was standing in front of the tent, and I saw a woman coming through the door.

I had enough sense to know that I was for it by the look on her face. I knew that if ever a preacher was going to get a good tongue-lashing, I was going to get it. She marched up that aisle like Stalin at the head of a regiment. She looked me right in the face and she said "I do not like your preaching."

I stood back and I said, "Madam, you are only one of many. Thousands do not like it. Another one does not

make any odds to me."

Well if she was mad at the first sentence, she was ten times madder at the second. She retorted, "How dare you speak to me like that. Who are you? I would have you to know that I am not going to listen to you. You said tonight, 'you could be a church member.' I am a church member! You said tonight, 'you could take Communion.' I take Communion! You said tonight, 'you could sing in the choir.' I sing in the choir! You said tonight, 'you could be Sunday School teacher.' I teach in Sunday School! You said I could still go to hell. I will not have it."

I said to her "Would you like to see yourself? I have a wee mirror here in my pocket." I pulled out my small Bible which I carry and I took her to the first chapter of Isaiah. "From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, there is no soundness in you, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." I said "Madam, there is nothing good looking about you. That is you as far as God is concerned."

I saw a tear coming in her eye. I knew then it was the time to apply the Word. And I applied God's Word and she started to sob. She cried, "Mr. Paisley, I knew what you were saying was right but it really angered me." "Every word you spoke pierced my heart and here I am, the most prominent religious figure in the district." She was a real pillar in the church she went to. She worked in the Women's Association for Missions. She was a good prominent Sabbath School teacher, a leading singer in the choir but not saved. She said "Oh, I must get saved." We got down on our knees together on the old

sawdust that was spread on the ground, and she came to Christ. She went away rejoicing.

It is a great thing to have your eyes opened. Get your eyes opened tonight. Look at yourself, there is nothing nice about you. You are just a poor, lost, guilty sinner. As Mr. Nicholson used to say, you are so black you would put a spot on a bucket of tar. That is what you are. That is what God says you are. There is nothing good about you. Get your eyes opened!

There is something else. The woman not only saw herself, but she saw Jesus. A Christian is a person who has seen the Lord. Wonderful Jesus! Oh, that you might see my Saviour! Oh, that you might gaze upon Him! He is the Lily of the Valley! He is the Rose of Sharon! He is the Altogether Lovely One! Chiefest among ten thousand!

Look at His Blessed nail-pierced hands. Nailed and pierced for you. Look upon His thorn-crowned brow. He bore that crown of thorns for you. Look upon His face that was battered, scarred, bruised, and abused and spat upon for you.

"Was it for me, for me alone,
The Saviour left His Glorious Throne?
The dazzling splendour of the sky,
Was it for me, He came to die?
It was for me, yes all for me,
O love of God, so great so free,
O wondrous love, I'll shout and sing,
He died for me, my Lord and King."

A Christian is a person who has seen Jesus.
He also has been turned. Yes! He has been turned.

Some years after I went to Ravenhill, we had a series of open-air meetings in the summer-time at the Park gate on the embankment. Our young people on a Saturday night used to gather there and sing, and play and testify, and I used to do the preaching.

One night after I had finished preaching I saw a man absolutely soaked in his booze. He was coming along by the park railings and he was so badly gone he was holding onto one bar of the railings and putting his hand on another and so pulling himself forward. I looked at him. I said "There is a soul Jesus loves." I went over to him and said, "Sir, I have something to tell you." He looked at me with bleared eyes, and bloated face and with a thick tongue he said, "What." I said, "Jesus loves you." He said "Nobody loves me, nobody loves me." I said "Jesus loves you." He told me, as best he could, that he had gone bail for a man some time before and the man had skipped bail. He had lost all his money in paying the bail bond. He cried, "I have nothing now. All the savings I had, anything I had left from the booze, it is all gone. I went over to a pub where I boozed and I got a feed of drink, and here I am." I said "Jesus loves you. Come on down to the church and we will have a time of prayer, and we will talk about Jesus."

I can see that man now. Joe Black was his name. He looked at me and he said "I could not make it." I replied, "You can, for I can carry you." I put that man on my back. They always thought I was a fool on the Ravenhill Road, so I had to live up to my reputation! So I put him on my back and we staggered down to

the church and I brought him in and took him down to a prayer room at the back of the old church building.

I loved to ask him about that night and I used to say "Joe, what happened then?" He said "You took me into the room and put me down at a form on my knees and you left me. You went out into the outer church and I heard you pray a prayer that sobered me. You said, 'Lord, you say in your Word you answer prayer. Now God I am putting you to the test. I am praying that you will save this man and make him a trophy of grace.' And you said something else, 'Lord, if you do not do it, I will not go on preaching in this church. For I could not believe you again.' (That was a terrible way to pray! That was a prayer of desperation, and a prayer of concentration of faith) And he said "That sobered me, and when you came in Mr. Paisley, I was as sober as a judge and you led me to Christ. You then hit me a skelp between my shoulder blades at the hall door and you said, "It will wear well like the soles of your feet. Go home now."

I worried about that man the following Saturday night.

When I was a young preacher I was very worried about the people who came to Christ in my services. I was like the boy who was given a tulip bulb. He planted it in the garden and he dug it up every day to see if it was growing. I was like that with the converts. I thought I was responsible for them. What a fool I was! I am telling you if they were Paisley converts they were no good anyway. You could bid them good-day. If they are God's converts they will make Heaven. They will see the King.

I worried about Joe Black and I prayed for him on Sunday, and on Sunday morning he was at church. I was rejoicing. I could hardly get the sermon over until I could get down to him. I said, "Joe, what happened?" He said "Oh, I had a great night last night, I went to the pub." My heart fell! "You went to the pub." He says "Yes, I went to the pub. Where else would I go?" I said, "I do not understand." He laughed, "I'll tell you. I got my money but when I got it I put it in my pocket and I said 'Thank you Lord, my wife will get the whole pay packet.' And the Lord said to me 'Just go to the pub and have a prayer-meeting at the door step.' So I went to the pub where I had boozed for years and stood at the door step and I took off the old cap and had a prayer meeting and I said 'Thank you Lord, I will never go across this door again. The old publican will never get another penny of my money. I am saved, Hallelujah.' I had a great time."

He said "They thought I was mad." His companions came out and said "What is wrong Joe?" He replied "I have got saved." They laughed at him. They said "We will give you a week." "But," says Joe, "It's a life sentence I have got. I will not be going back in a week."

That man became one of my best church members. I had him as a member of my church for over thirty years. And I tell you, Joe was a real trophy of grace. If ever a man encouraged me to preach, that man encouraged me to preach. He used to say to me "Preacher, you will be in the pulpit and I will be the caretaker opening the door. And we will stand if everybody else goes away. There will always be two of us." And so there were.

What a funeral he had when the Lord called him home. His funeral was the greatest funeral I ever attended. I told the story of how Joe Black was saved. I am telling you there was some joy around that grave.

I want to tell you something. *A man that is a Christian is turned.* Yes! Who did it? Ian Paisley? Not at all. God did it. Turned him round. He was in darkness and he was turned into the light. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be turned, to have this right about turn on the road to hell. One minute going to hell, the next minute going to Heaven. It happened here last night. When the meeting started there were people lost. They were saved when the meeting ended. That is a great thing. It could happen tonight. Dear man, it could happen to you. Dear woman, it could happen in your soul tonight too. Turned!

Then you are under a new power.

That man who testified today said to me last night, "What will happen tomorrow?" I said, "God will take care of you." If I had told him last night he would be testifying to the boss, he would have looked at me. But when he woke this morning God blessed him through God's Word. He discovered Satan's power broken and God's power received. Satan's power vanquished. God's power enjoyed.

It is something to be happy about. It is not something to be miserable about.

Does it make you miserable to know that God has given you His power? It makes me happy. What happiness! We were singing about it, "O happy day, that fixed my choice, O happy day." Do you want to be made happy tonight, tomorrow night and every other night

until nights are no more, and the day breaks o'er the hill? Get saved tonight. Turn from the power of Satan unto God.

Look at it "*received the forgiveness of sin.*" Oh, what a blessing is this.

I went to visit an old lady once. She was nearly eighty years of age, an old grandmother. A good old woman she was. She brought up her family and taught them the right way. She lived a straight, decent, righteous life, but she was not saved. I went to see her and I read the Book with her. I knew her very well and I knew she was a real self-righteous woman. I said "Now Lord I have got to be very faithful to this woman."

After I had read with her, before I prayed, I said "Now grandmother, I just want to say a word." She said "Ian, what do you want to say?" I said "I just want to tell you grandmother that you are not ready for eternity." She said, "I do not like you saying that. You know I was brought up in the church. I was a good church member and I took communion all my days. I was straight and my family are straight and good living. I walk clean. I pay twenty shillings in the pound. I have done what is right with my family." I said "Is that right?" She said, "Yes, that is right." I said, "It does not matter, you are a lost soul." She got very angry. She said, "You need not pray." I said "Oh, I am going to pray." She said, "I do not want to hear you pray." I said, "You will hear it." She said, "Well you will not come back and read and pray here." It got very rough. It was rough going.

I knew what was happening. The Word had gone in. So I started to pray. It was not very long until I heard

the sobs. When I finished, looking through her tears she said to me "Oh, those years of sin, can I get rid of them?" I said, "You can." And that dear woman came to the Saviour. Do you know the first thing she said? "All those years of sin, Ian they are all gone. They are all gone! Year after year, score after score of years of sin, gone in a second under the Blood of Christ."

The forgiveness of sin. Oh, hear the voice of Jesus say, go on your way in peace to Heaven and wear a crown with Jesus. What an offer is in the gospel message. Who else could make an offer like that? The offer of the gospel, the forgiveness of sin. Forgiven, pardoned!

I said the other night, God does not forgive you like some people. Some people say, "Yes, I will forgive you but I will never forget it." Do you know people who say that?

God forgives your sin. I am glad that I will never have to answer for any sin I ever committed, when I meet God. Jesus took their penalty and bore them all on the Cross. Thank God, tonight I am absolutely free through the Blood of Christ. Is that not a great thing? The forgiveness of sins.

Let us look at the next one. "*an inheritance.*" What is that? That is Heaven. That is an inheritance through the jasper walls. That is an inheritance built up on the streets of gold.

Do you ever get homesick for Heaven? I do many a time. It would be good to be away, away from it all. Man, it will be great to get to the glory land. We will get a bit of rest then. There is no rest here. This is a place of struggle, and toil, and care, and anguish, and sorrow and pain. But, praise God, Heaven is before us.

We are going to get a real rest in Heaven. All the sicknesses will be over. Those old aching limbs which you have will trouble you no more. There will be no rheumatism dear woman, when you get to Heaven. You will be able to swing your arms all right. You will not get up in the morning and say "Oh, my back." You will not say that in Heaven. It is all going to be perfect in Heaven. I want you to be there. I want you to be in Heaven. That is why I am preaching.

"I'm going home to Glory soon
To see the City Bright,
To walk the golden streets of Heaven
And bask in God's own light.
But you my friend are out of Christ
And held by many a snare,
I cannot leave you lost and lone,
I want you over there."

Come on, get saved tonight. Make it tonight.

God sanctifies you. He separates you. He translates you. That word is used of Enoch. God translated Enoch to Heaven. He did not fall out of Heaven. He is still there. Salvation is everlasting.

I tell you when God translates you from the kingdom of Satan into the Kingdom of His dear Son, it is done forever, praise God. It is like Enoch's translation. God does an everlasting work. It is an irreversible work when God saves men. Decision card converts will not last very long. But, if God has done the work it is done for all eternity.

Oh, happy is the man who is a separated man by God. He has got faith in Jesus. Oh, blessed faith in the Son of God! Dost thou believe that Jesus is the Son of

God? Do you? Can you say it from your heart, "Lord I believe." Happy is the man with that full orb'd faith of salvation.

TWO: THE ARGUMENTS WHICH PAUL USED TO PERSUADE MEN TO BECOME CHRISTIANS

Tell me, how did Paul preach? Do you know what he preached? Look at the chapter twenty-six of the book of the Acts and verse twenty-two, "saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come. That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and unto the Gentiles." He preached the sufferings of Jesus. He preached the Cross. That is what he preached.

The greatest argument I could bring you is *the Cross of Jesus*. Why should you be saved friend? Because of the Cross. Because of what Jesus Christ has done.

Let this hand of mine represent you. Let this book (placing a book in the hand) represent your sin. There you are, you have got a load of sin. Let my other hand represent Jesus, Jesus came down from Heaven and lifted your sin and He carried it to Calvary (lifting the book with the other hand and putting it away). All the judgment which should have fallen upon you, it fell upon Him. He bore it all. Endured it all. He was punished for every last bit of sin. Praise God, if Jesus has got my sin, I have got no sin left. It has all been punished in Christ.

Do you know what God asks you to do? Take the receipt tonight. You have got a debt. A friend comes along